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POMPEII
OF THE
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POEMS
JOHN
HALL
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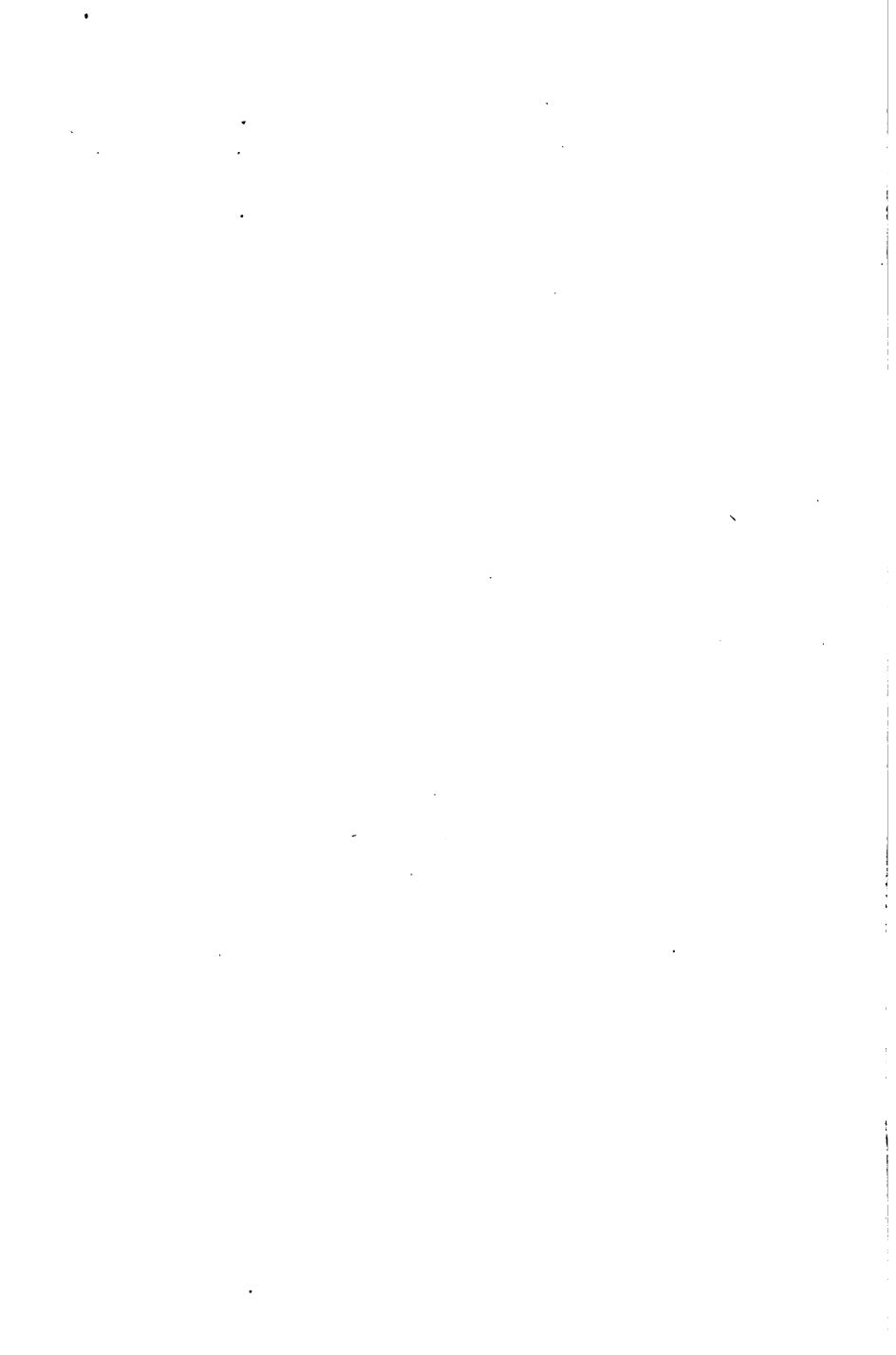
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POMPEII OF THE WEST
AND OTHER POEMS

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**POMPEII
OF THE WEST**

And Other Poems

by

JOHN HALL INGHAM



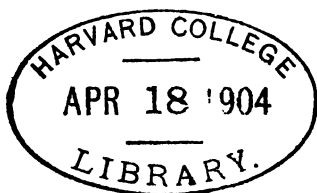
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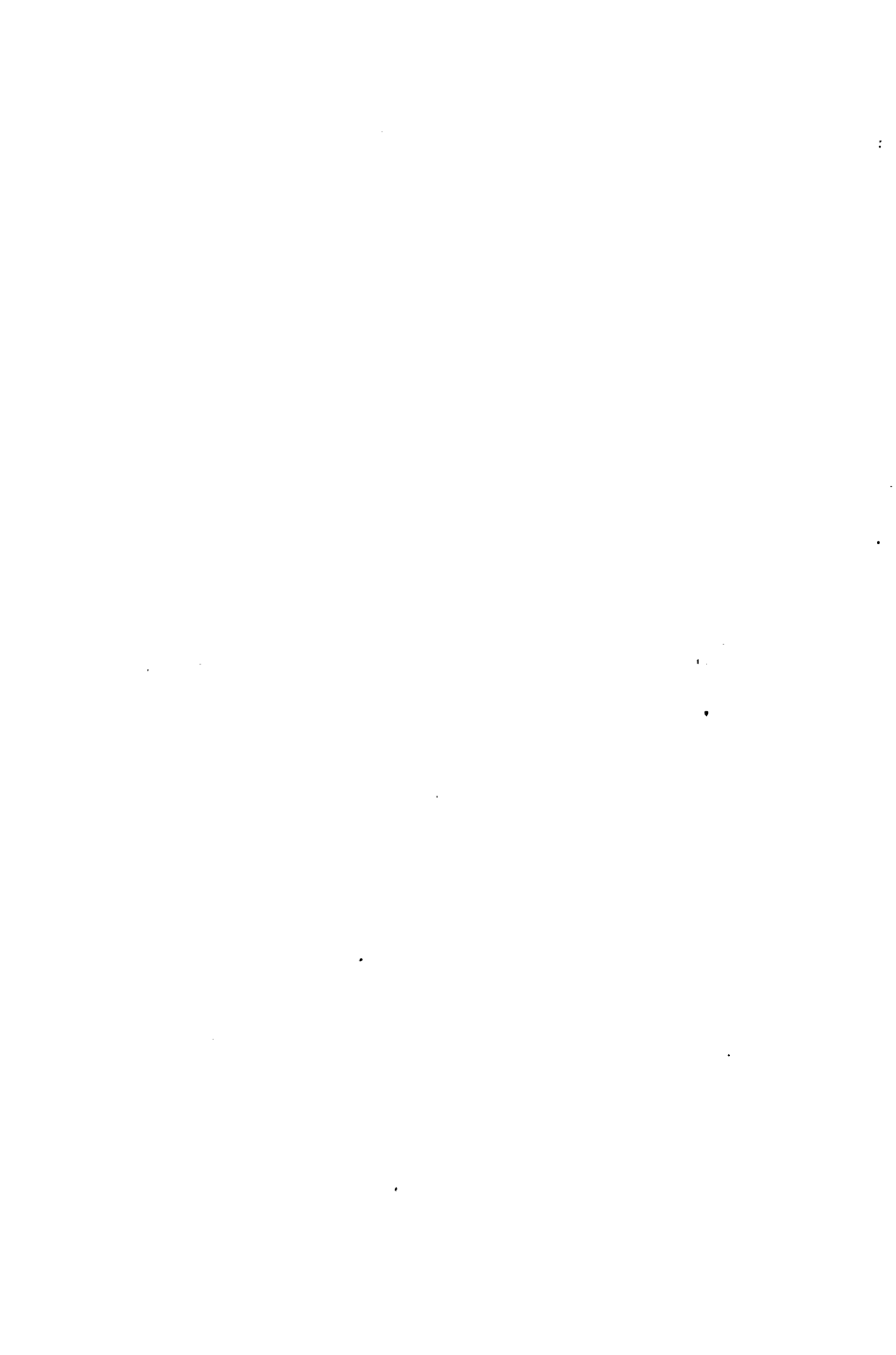
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POMPEII OF THE WEST

IN the Ausonian land a city rose
Far from the haunts of poverty and toil,
Where wearied ones sought rapture or repose,
And evermore from the enchanted soil
New fountains flashed into the odorous air,
New palaces sprang upward to the light,—
Doomed not to know decay: that vision fair
Fled from the wreck of ages,—in a night
Of fire and ashen gloom passed perfect out of sight.

And when the swift-revolving years had brought
Four centuries to a later, larger West,
And men were burdened with the wealth they
sought,
And Art seemed dying and the Soul oppressed,—
Dawned on our senses in the morning-gleam
That lit the margin of an inland sea
Another city, lovely as a dream,
And like a dream, alas! too soon to be
No more of earth,—a thing of love and memory.

How came this realm of faery to exist
In the dull light of these prosaic days,
With towers and temples floating through the mist
And imaged in the winding water-ways?
What meant those magic distances that made
Imagination so delight to run
From gilded dome to snow-white colonnade,—
Now fading slowly with the setting sun,
Now traced in captive lightning when the day was
done?

For not since high in Babel's lucent air
Garden and grove in endless vista rolled,
Or Athens' genius made her rocky lair
A deathless shrine of marble and of gold,
Or Venice, smiling mistress of the seas,
Flashed with her argosies from East and
West,—
Never since then, in other scenes than these,
Hath such transcendent loveliness possessed
The human eye, or thrilled with joy the human
breast.

And were there blame if we in this appear
Infants that have not found our proper speech,
But lisp the language of a bygone year?—
There is a sense of beauty that doth reach
So deep into the very heart of things
That it is one with Nature, nor shall cease
Till Man outgrow all high imaginings:
Though nations multiply and arts increase,
The best we have is Rome, the best we are is Greece.

We are thy children, O Thermopylæ!
And thine, O ever-glorious Salamis!
For ye have taught us to be wise and free,
And hath the earth a grander thing than this?
We fight,—immortal Cæsar points the way:
We jest, and Aristophanes doth smile:
We sing, and Homer thunders in our lay:
We build, and lo, this wondrous classic pile,—
This glittering maze of dome and tower and peri-
style!

Yet is the spirit ours that once was theirs,—
A spirit royal, not of servitude:
We do not mimic them, but are the heirs
Of all they purposed or achieved of good.
And in our work whatever merit shows
Is offspring of the higher, purer will
That sanctifies the lives of men and flows
Through every clime and age,—a heavenly rill
That made earth fertile once, and so doth make it
still.

And thus this city shining as the snow
Sprang not from the corruption of the land,—
The broken trust that laid the red man low,
The slavery our thoughtless fathers planned,
The office-holder's bribe, the purchased vote,
The foulness of our politics, the race
For golden gain, the demagogic throat
That rules the mob who rule us,—this disgrace
Of present and of past had here no part nor place.

But in this shrine of beauty only were
The elements that make a people's worth,—
The courage of the great discoverer
Who added a new planet to the earth,
The Pilgrims' arduous fight for God and home,
The Quakers' victory through peace and love,
The heroic rising when the time had come
To break maternal bonds and onward move
A Nation that confessed no liege save One above:—

The wisdom moulding that new Nation's course,
The virtue that upheld it on its way,
The patriot-soul of Washington—the source
Of all true freedom we enjoy to-day,
The later trial when a few were brave
And thundered till the many felt the need,
The hands that smote the fetters from the slave,
The heart of Lincoln and the arm of Meade,
And every glowing word and every burning deed:—

The patient toil that on the barren plains
Makes gardens bloom and cities multiply,
The prudent skill that prisons steam in chains
And safely wields the lightnings of the sky,
The silent ones who do their duty well,
The voice of Brooks, the thought of Emerson,
The songs of bards that like a pæan swell
Above the din and lure us ever on,
All high and holy lives whose victory is won:—

These spoke to us through all the eloquent lines
Of palace and lagoon,—that did not take
The imprint of to-day, but bore the signs
Of the eternal beauty that doth make
Of every hero's home a Parthenon,
And for our present glory doth amass
The deeds of splendor that of old were done,
And the true-hearted sage and soldier class
With spotless Solon and sublime Leonidas!

And thither came the nations of the world
With friendly tribute. Of the ancient East
And the new West the standards were unfurled
Above their varied work,—a gorgeous feast
Of Man's supreme achievement. South and
North
Point from their blazing sands and blighting
snows
To miracles of Mind, that issues forth
Victorious over Force. Foes greeted foes,
And from the motley throng strange forms of speech
arose.

Now all is silent. Over lake and plain
The wild birds circle till the night sweeps on,
And Man seems nought.—But O, what doth re-
main
Is greater than the glory that is gone!

As blossoms, though they wither on the tree,
Yet make its life more fruitful, so the might
Of faith and fervor, love and liberty,
That brought this marvellous vision into sight,
Shall be a lasting good, a treasure infinite.

Nor is this all.—Such beauty is the type
Of the sublime perfection of the Soul:
Seeming to fade, 'tis only growing ripe
Beyond the senses' compass or control.
O Land, when thou art purified at last,
These fleeting fabrics of thy hope shall be
Thy sure attainment. From the buried past
The shadows of Vesuvian night shall flee,
And, lo, Pompeii—white with Immortality!

CHARACTER

He shapes the spheres to suit his ends
Who hath a muse for every mood,—
Who in himself hath many friends
And finds in crowds his solitude.

He asks no change of scene or clime
Nor heeds the lure of alien lands:
His hours for him are all of Time,—
His Universe is where he stands.

His force doth like the forest grow ;
His tenderness as sunshine thrills ;
His calm desires like rivers flow ;
His hopes are as the mighty hills.

Serene through tempest and through tide
His heart is as the ocean-deeps ;
And where eternal laws abide
His soul a starry vigil keeps.

BEETHOVEN

I

THOU dost not sing of sorrow, being too vast
For puny personalities of woe ;
Nor yet of joy : thy fateful measures flow
From springs too deep to sparkle, overcast
With midnight and immensity. The past
Is not thy theme, for all thy concords glow
With living fervor. And this present show
Seems lost in thy infinity at last.

What is thy message, what thy mystery ?—
Or shall we ask what doctrine gilds the day,
What creed the clouds unfold,—the hills, the sea ?
All things they tell,—or nothing. He alone
Who loves can learn, when Nature points the way
Or thou dost breathe the beautiful in tone.

II

Yet thou hast gentler moments when thy might,
No longer tuned to a supernal key,
Is modulated by humanity ;
And in thy symphony the other night
A hero's clarion sounded through the fight,
A maiden's laughter rippled peacefully,
And love and sorrow woke a threnody
To speed a deathless spirit in its flight.

O sweetly human, splendidly divine !—
Not like a turbid torrent threading far
And fathomless abysses, thou dost shine
A clear, full flood wherein we joy to scan
The cloud, the snowy summit and the star,—
The flower, the forest, and the face of Man.

GODFREY'S COVE

NEAR YORK HARBOR, MAINE

THESE downs that sink and swell across the land,—
Soft fields suffused with yellow mistiness,—
These pastures growing greener to the strand,
The willows with their whispered cadences,
The rocky sculpture of the waves and skies,
The clear, cool waters prisoned peacefully,
Are prophets all of what beyond them lies,—
The infinitely changeful, changeless Sea.

O Soul, thy multitudinous happenings,
The trivial events of nights and days,
The griefs that darken and the hopes that shine,
The pleasant places and the stormy ways,—
Are hints and heralds of eternal things,
Inflowings from the tide of the Divine!

ON THE ROCKS

HERE may one lie awhile and silently
Shape thoughts of death from things that cannot
die,
And drown his sorrow in the eternal sea
And merge his being in the infinite sky.

A mighty peace pervadeth evermore
The deeps of ocean and the ethereal height,
Though here the billows thunder on the shore
And vapors veil the leagues of endless light.

For far beneath this surge of sound and spray
Life's current, like a glorious river, runs,
And far above our planet's clouded way
Gleam myriads of immeasurable suns.

So on the confines of that vaster deep,
That ampler sky whereto our footsteps tend,
Forces of tide and tempest seem to keep
A ceaseless vigil, striving without end,—

But all in vain : beyond the storm and stress
Are calm and silence. Ever from above
Come whispers of immortal presences
And glimmerings of Everlasting Love.

A CLIFF VISITOR

DEEP-BLUE with Autumn blasts the billows rolled
Before us as we scanned on open page
The rarest spirit of our clime and age,
When from the rocks above us, gray and cold,
A feathered glint of emerald and gold
Flashed on our sense,—as though the Concord
mage
Had sent a wingèd thought,—a heritage
Of finer truth than written word could hold.
A humming-bird it was : fearless it flew
And struck the scarlet robe beneath our feet
In hope of honey. Man and Nature drew
Once more into communion strange and sweet,
And, for the moment, rock and bird and sea
The poet's magic made humanity.

THE MIDNIGHT SEA

WIND-MOAN and wave-moan and keen, clear,
cold,
The moon looming out of the East in a glory
of gold.

Spray-gleams and star-gleams,—a glittering show
Of all that is changeless above and changeful below.

Tide-floods and Time-floods, until at a breath
The surge is stayed by the ebb and the heart-throb
by Death.

Sea-song and Soul-song forever attest
That better are service and singing than silence and
rest.

THE BEGGAR OF BABYLON

THOU agèd man that through long years
Sittest beside my daily road,
I have at heart to dry thy tears
And smooth thy path and ease thy load.
Narrow has been thy lot: 'twere wise
To fathom life ere life be done;
So take this gold and seek what lies
Beyond these gates of Babylon!

“ Here was I born, here was I bred,
And in this air, beneath this sky,
Fate ordered I should love and wed
And watch my wife and children die.
Now I am left, the only one,—
A slave in garb, in spirit free.
And I shall ne’er leave Babylon,
For Babylon is all to me.”

Alas, if what is spent and spilt
Should starve our very souls at last,
Or if our only hopes were built
Upon the ashes of the Past!
The world is wonderful and wide:
Did not the high gods make it so
That as from place to place we glide
In joy and wisdom we may grow?

O, in the West a sapphire sea
Circles the odorous isles of Greece,
And in the South eternally
The pyramids are robed in Peace!
Or Eastward let thy longings run
And bear thee to the birth of day,
And, lo, the cradle of the sun—
The snowy peaks of Himalay!

“ Ne’er have I gazed from plain to hill,
Nor mused by Ocean’s swelling tombs,
Nor traced the twinklings of a rill
Through groves of spice and cedarn glooms.

What summit can to me compare
With yonder temple's shining towers?
And O, these gardens in the air
Fragrant with fruit and flushed with flowers!

" So let the Indian maiden keep
Her tryst beside the Ganges' stream;
And let the Phrygian shepherd sleep
Where Ilium flames into his dream;
Leave to the islander his beach
Where ripples sparkle in the sun;
The gods ordained a place for each;
And mine is here—in Babylon!"

TONE-SYMBOLS

I

ARPEGGIOS

BEE-FLIGHTS from bloom to bloom beguiled along
Till darkness sends the hour of honeyed rest;
Bird-flights from spray to spray about the nest
In a tumultuous ecstasy of song;
Cloud-soarings from the bosom of the sea
To snowy peaks and moonlit vastnesses;
Star-showers sprinkling Space's wilderness,—
Are these not symbols of Humanity?

The creatures of caprice and dim desire,
We strive to soar when scarce we know to climb,
And lose not nor advance, but fruitlessly
Wing little flights, till, in an hour sublime
And unforeseen, we strike with pulse of fire
Some primal note of our life-melody.

II

HARMONICS

Up from the rim of this transcendent night
Sweepeth the silent moon, full-orbed and free.
Turn not thy gaze therefrom, yet wilt thou see
Side-gleams of vapors sown with rainbow-light;
Of leaves that twinkle in a dalliance bright
With evening zephyrs; of the silvery mere
Where ripples sparkle, speed, and disappear.
The frame that Nature forms for every sight
Is portion of her picture, as, in sound,
Each note partakes of subtle sister-tones.
Adjudge that virtue flawless: circling round
See sombre shades of selfishness and pride.
Wholly condemn this sin,—and through thy
groans
Some angel voice rejoices at thy side.

III

KEYS

Nature is all-harmonious: mountain, sea,
Forest and sky blend in a perfect whole.
But Man in all his Art must aye control
The time and place where every seed should be,

Best to attain its full fertility.
The sweetest song that ever thrilled the soul
Were discord dire if on the ear should roll
Its semblance echoed in another key.
By Amazon or in far Vishnu land
Or at thy very hearthstone doth abide
The brother whom thou dost not understand.
Silence thy strain of prejudice and pride
And find, where once all jarred upon thy ears,
His pathway as melodious as the spheres'!

IV

CHORDS

See how the bent of this aspiring tree
Allures the eye to yonder mountain's crest,
Thence to the cloud above, at length to rest
On some high planet's silver purity.
Or look along the level: silently
The forest points us to the furrowed land,
The stretch of mead beyond and, last, the sand
Swept by the surges of the sleepless sea.
Nature hath not a note she sounds alone.
So all our thoughts and actions, late or soon,
Are linked unto their fellows, one by one.
Pray that to-morrow's aim may be in tune
With thine own best achievement, and efface
The lingering tones of yesterday's disgrace!

V

OCTAVES

Melodious messages our Shakespeare sang
In the old time came to me yesterday,
But not from heights Olympian: they sprang
Out of the common mire and the play
Of sunny childhood in a sunless den,—
Less lofty, but as potent now as then.
With hearts elate we summon the high gods
By their shrill pæans to applaud our deeds:
They sound an answer suited to our needs,
Tuned deeper than the rapture that we miss,—
Not sky-born strains, but psalms that rise from
sods.
The same refrain,—true souls, ye know it well!—
Is hymned in altitudes of heavenly bliss
And hurled in hate from the profounds of Hell.

VI

FIFTHS. I

Great hopes that grow and languish; great
despairs
That blot out suns, yet on the verge of night
Unveil the stars; high instincts, humble prayers
That out of darkness yearn unto the light;
Lost loves that clasp their agony,—to know
A solace in the glory Love has been;
And bottomless desires all aglow
With the unconscious majesty of Sin;—

All things that lead away from common sight
Into the vast abyss above, below,
And make, beyond our ken, for weal or woe,—
Sound open fifths to-day, but on the morrow
Eternity reveals the thirds within
Sublime with major joy or minor sorrow.

VII

FIFTHS. II

How wonderful the tonal mystery
That fifths, so long as they at rest abide
Or move in divers ways, not side by side,
Do wake an elemental harmony
Serene and simple and profound; but bent
On the same progress, all grows discontent,
All chaos, where sweet concord was before!
Souls that I love, we are not otherwise:
Should each of us his proper path explore,
Bold to perform the best that in him lies,
True to himself in thought and word and deed,
Life were a pæan.—But to choose our lot
By the blind guidance of another's creed
Makes God's fair world a discord and a blot.

VIII

THE SONATA-FORM

Not through caprice or casualty arose
Music's sublimest form,—but Genius knew
And sang the eternal principle of two
Contrasted and developed. At the close

Of the sun's struggle with the storm, there flows
Across the sky a wave of wondrous hue.
From varied heat and cold the seasons drew
Their wealth of golden grain and silvery snows.
All life is dual, and for every theme
In Nature as in Sound a mate must be :
Only from union springs fertility.
So Love, that some have called a foolish dream,
Is where the wiser spirits wake at length
From twofold weakness into single strength.

IX

UNDERTONES

From the far sea a haunting cadence falls
Through boom of breakers hissing into spray
And thunderous swirl around dank chasm walls,—
More peaceful, yet more masterful, than they.
And in the wood a quiet note is heard,—
Not where the leaves hold breezy whisperings,
Or faintly pipes the newly-fledgèd bird
'Mid slumberous stir of hidden insect wings :
The spirit of the place hath accents clear
That ring through all the babel pure and true.
And so with Man.—Who, silent and sublime,
Moves through this din of multitudes, may hear
Under the words we say, the deeds we do,
Our life-notes swell the Symphony of Time !

GEORGE WASHINGTON

THIS was the man God gave us when the hour
Proclaimed the dawn of Liberty begun ;
Who dared a deed, and died when it was done
Patient in triumph, temperate in power,—
Not striving like the Corsican to tower
To heaven, nor like great Philip's greater son
To win the world and weep for worlds unwon,
Or lose the star to revel in the flower.

The lives that serve the eternal verities
Alone do mould mankind. Pleasure and pride
Sparkle awhile and perish : as the spray
Smoking across the crests of cavernous seas
Is impotent to hasten or delay
The everlasting surges of the tide.

CORONATION DAY

TOWER and town were a vision of splendor ;
Banners were glistening from gable and wall ;
Thousands were thronging the highway to render
Homage to one who was worthy of all.
Burgess and baron accoutred to meet him,
Maidens and children with flowers to fling,
Minstrel and bard with their pæans to greet him,—
Silently waited:—but where was the King?

Out by the river the breezes of morning
Melted the mists and scattered the dew,
Ofttimes with silvery ripples adorning
All the wide waste his journey lay through.
Where was the gilded barge that should speed him
Away from the stranger and unto his own
Who longed—with dawn in its freshness—to lead
him,
Their bravest and best, to the foot of the Throne?

Forth stepped a warrior—they cheered to behold
him!—
Famed among men as a hero of frays :
“ Fools!” he exclaimed, “ shall silence enfold him
Whom even the thunder were feeble to praise?
Vainly ye tempt him by waiting and watching :
Let the earth shake with the welcome ye bring!—
So may the hill-tops some echo be catching
Meet for the ear of the glorious King!”

Then, how the sound of their shouting and singing
Through the rent heaven rose higher and higher!
Trumpets were blown and the bells were all ringing;
Flash followed flash till the air was afire.
Over the tree-tops the noon came on ever;
Sunbeams were woven in blossom and bough;
Light flowed down with the river,—but never
The gleam of his sail nor the splash of his prow!

A poet then spake,—they were mute when they
heard him!—

Sweetest of singers, the first of their bards:
“Think ye this crash and confusion have stirred
him

Whom hope of a worthier welcome retards?
Give him the best—be it silence or singing—
Your Art can create and your Genius inspire!
Glitter and gaudiness vain to be bringing
When Beauty alone will fulfil his desire.”

So from canvas and stone by the conjurer's powers
Loveliness leaped into life at a glance;
Soft murmurs of music and incense of flowers
Rose from the rounds of the mystical dance.
In the forest the leaves were beginning to shiver
With the breath of the Night from her Orient
home;

The peace of the twilight was flooding the river,—
But no stir from his oar, no flash from his foam!

Last came the sage,—they knelt to adore him!—
Purest and wisest and holiest of all;
“Wrong are the ways ye have found to implore him
Who recks not of pomp and is deaf to your call.
Night will shine down from her starry abysses,
Dawn wake anew 'mid her fleeces of gold,
Days and years pass with their pangs and their
blisses,
And never your Shepherd return to his fold!

“Look in your hearts! Is it truth ye are voicing?
Are not these greetings and garlands ye bring
Pleasures of sense, the mere joy of rejoicing,
Sweets for yourselves,—not for love of the King?
What do ye care, so ye fight with the winner,
Feast on his spoil and be drunk with his pride?
Better, ye deem, to survive with the sinner
Than with the saint to have anguished and died!

“Some day, when other things fail, ye will sigh for
him,—
Eyes very weary and hearts fain to break,—
Ready to live for him, ready to die for him,—
Gladly to give up the world for his sake!
Then, it may be, from the dark river yonder
Into the light of your longings will spring
The glow of a presence, a vision of wonder,
The crowning of hope,—the face of the King!”

A SUMMER SANCTUARY

I FOUND a yellow flower in the grass,
A tiny flower with petals like a bell,
And yet, methought, more than a flower it was,
More like a miracle.

Above, the sky was clear save where at times
Soft tinted fleeces drifted dreamily,
Bearing a benison to sunny climes
From altars of the sea.

In vestments green the pines about me gleamed
Like priests that tend the sacrificial fire,
And the faint-lowing cattle almost seemed
Some far intoning choir.

It was a place and an occasion meet
For some high, solemn wonder to befall;
And, when I saw the flower at my feet,
I understood it all.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF A CACHE OF
INDIAN SPEAR-HEADS ON RIDGE'S
ISLAND IN THE DELAWARE

No more about the camp-fire's fitful light
The swarthy warriors of the older race
Make solemn murmur through the hours of night,
Watching the signal from some loftier place
Flash peace or war. But still the river flows;
The hills are fresh and fragrant with the Spring;
The morn is beautiful as that which rose
On homeless hearts of yore, when, with these spears,
Were buried loves and hates and hopes and fears,
There to await this day's awakening.
Yet Death doth purify: no longer gleams
The spark of fury from these points of stone:—
Wonder enfolds them and a sober tone
Of Fantasy, and Memory born of dreams.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A FIRST VISIT TO THE FALLS OF
NIAGARA

A VOICE of many waters,—aye, a voice
Of rivulets rippling over pebbly beds
And gurgling through the quiet of the groves
And blossoming arcades that wind among
The peaceful, pleasant isles of Dufferin ;—
And, from without, tones of a wilder voice
Of Alpine torrents, were a thousand turned
Into a single channel, there to strive
With a brute mass of stone, now seething high
To smite the heavens with foam, now plunging low
To wrench the deep foundations of the rock
And whirl them into limbo ;—and, beyond,
A voice to which the thunder of the sea
Is as a whisper and the earthquake's roar
Is as an echo of its mightier self,—
The swell of an unceasing monotone
Yet infinitely varied, as it were,
With lights and shades of sound, now delicate,
And now demoniac,—now hurled aloft
In high aërial blasts, now rolled along
In dreadful diapason, yet in all
Sublime beyond conceiving,—the supreme,
Colossal cadence of the Cataract !—
Niagara, thou art a living thing :
A while ago and I beheld thee writhe
With terror of the near-impending doom ;
Then came the fearful crisis, then the calm

That follows on the shock and, far below,
Thy memory returned, thou dost pursue
An awful course, haunted by evil dreams
And frenzied with endeavor to escape
These agonizing straits and rest at length
On the still bosom of Ontario.

Yet who would lose for even such a sight,
This scene of water's utmost pomp and power,—
The rapids' rush and whirl; the precipice
Aye shattered into atoms; lines of foam
Curved into forms of frost-like imagery
Across the surface of the lesser fall;
The mass of fleckless green that overhangs
The centre of the greater; mounds of mist
Raised evermore and evermore dispersed
By the keen sweep of rainbows,—sparkling scythes
Swung by the spirits of the sun and moon;—
Who, who,—were he compelled to choose for aye
Between the great and little,—would forego
The ceaseless beauties of a humbler kind
That deck our daily life, make it a joy
And earth a paradise?—The pleasant path
Through the Spring-scented woodland; the soft
 swell
Of mossy hillocks; morning harmonies
Of brook and bird, and twilight choruses
Of frog and cricket; orchard-wanderings
Amid a blush of blossoms or a glow
Of golden fruit; hours by a quiet stream

That cools the willow-roots and catches warmth
From the reflected sun; acres of corn
That redden to the touch of eventide
Like feathered warriors watching for their prey;
Flowers that twinkle in the turf, then melt
Into a breath, a sweetness,—and are gone;
The hush of nightfall and the fireflies' dance,
Aflame amid the droppings of the dew;—
These and a thousand others are the boons
Bestowed on all who take in love and trust
Dear Nature by the hand, learning her ways
In due humility, content with this,—
To understand a little and be blest.

So, when the leafy knoll doth satisfy,
What need of Alp and avalanche?—The brook
Goes bubbling on in crystalline cascades,
Each in its scale a true Niagara,
And ask we more? Why seek in the sublime
What never fails us in the commonplace?
Is deeper peace therein or higher joy?—
Alas, we reason blindly,—we who are
Both mortal and imperfect! Every day
That follows like the past doth blunt the edge
Of Wonder and deprive us of a thrill;
And Beauty multiplied a million times
In sod or snow-flake lacks the potency
That sways and startles us in some vast whole,—
Some rounded miracle that makes all else
Seem tame and trivial. So birth and death

And the heroic deed disclose in Life
Mystery manifold where all before
Looked dull monotony. So at the call
Of Ocean, Matterhorn, Niagara,
We lay our burdens down and raise our eyes
From shallow circumstance to gaze once more
Into the deeps of the Eternal Truth,—
The awful glories of Infinity.

CHILDREN ALL

CHILDREN all, where'er you be,
Bond or free,
Red or yellow, white or black,
You have many things we lack,—
We the big and you the small,
Children all!

How we fool and feign and fight
Day and night,
Craving gold beyond our needs,
Bickering about our creeds!
Radical, conservative:—
Thus we live.

What you wish, you hold in play
For a day,
Learn its worth and let it go :
What you first assume to know,
Once disproved, you soon despise,—
So are wise.

We abide in our demesne
Of routine.
Life that seemed so fair and full
Groweth trite and cold and dull.
Custom maketh every grace
Commonplace.

Well to know that there are eyes
Where Surprise
Like a throned enchanter dwells,
Filling earth with miracles,
Aye revealing with his wand
Wonderland :

Well that there are ears to note
Strains that float
Out of wood and sea and sky
Rife with fairy melody,—
Tones whose magic oft hath stirred
Breeze and bird :

Well that there are hearts to feel
Nor conceal
Primal love and primal hate,
Free from fear of Death or Fate,
Neither crude nor overworn,—
Hearts new-born!

Many lands and tongues we own.
You alone
From the tropics to the poles
Form one realm of kindred souls,
And you hold the world in thrall,
Children all!

THE HEAVENLY PLAYGROUND

O FATHER, in Thy Heavenly Land
Where are the children playing?—
I dream of many a joyful band
In cloudy pathways straying.
Perchance they cross in crescent cars
Those sunset mountain ridges,
Or weave a dance around the stars
And over rainbow bridges.

I cannot think of them in rows,
Long Alleluias hymning,—
With hearts so ignorant of woes
And eyes that ne'er knew dimming.

More like that in the soundless Void
They run their merry races,
Or mount some vagrant asteroid
And sail about the spaces.

O, if Thy plan is understood,—
And 'tis a hope we cherish,—
Our good shall there grow greater good,
Our evil slowly perish!
Each aim shall find an end to suit,
And, warmed upon Thy bosom,
Our natures flush to perfect fruit,
And theirs to perfect blossom.

And as some lofty, lonely life,
Its solemn work arresting,
Doth turn for respite from the strife
To one short hour of jesting;—
So even there among the skies
May thoughts be sometimes straying,
And, sated with sublimities,
Joy in the children's playing!

BEE AND BOY

IN the bee-life comes a moment of pain,
When suns are spent and the rains are over
And snows are shed on the dust of clover
And honey will never be honey again.

But Spring will return, though he dreams it not,
And the bee will wake,—how glad to discover
That yet once more he may clasp the clover
And sip the honey in every spot!

Happy the bee and happy the boy
Whose works and ways are brimming over
With sunshine of Spring and sweetness of
clover,—
A life of love in a world of joy!

A PSALM OF HOPE

THOU who to-day dost stand,
The present in thy hand,
The future in thy thought,
Be not afraid to cast
From an ignoble past
The fetters it has wrought.

Life is too full and free
To waste in misery.
From their abodes of bliss
The high gods never sent
A summons to repent:
There is no time for this.

If thou wouldst grapple grief,
Be it to bear relief
 Unto another's woes.
For selfish is remorse,
And vanity the source
 From which contrition flows.

Learn never to despise
The good that underlies
 The fitful faults of youth,—
Old failures that were meant
To teach the discontent
 That goads us on to Truth.

Old lessons misapplied,
Old sanctities defied,
 The better deemed the worse,—
Were like the eddy's shock
Above the hidden rock,—
 A warning, not a curse.

Why sorrow that the fire
Of an impure desire
 Did once thy senses move,
If Lust was only made
To be the spirit's aid
 And lure thee unto Love?

The sin of earlier years
Like darkness disappears
That dawn remembers not.
To-day demands thy care ;
To-morrow needs thy prayer :
Be yesterday forgot !

Behold, on every side
Are treasures multiplied
For thee to choose and take.
The ages give their best
For this one moment's test,
For this one mortal's sake.

Nature with changeful mien
Of season and of scene
Attends thee night and day,—
Chill Winter, cheerful Spring
With heralds on the wing
Lest Summer should delay,—

The sunshine and the rain
That ripen fruit and grain
And shape the budding flower,—
The silvery mists o'erlaid
With golden light and shade
Of each Autumnal hour,—

High warblings in the wold
And deep and manifold
Intonings of the sea,
And summits o'er whose snows
The stars of heaven uncloset
Their still sublimity.

The songs the poets sung
When Love and Time were young,—
Thoughts that endure always
In canvas and in stone,
Art's everlasting throne,—
All these are thine to-day.

And Music at whose voice
The very spheres rejoice
Now steeps thee in her spell,
Till, thrilled with truth, thou deem
Life a transcendent dream,
The world a miracle.

Yet there are ecstasies
Diviner still than these
Of Nature and of Art,
When men, thy brothers, stand
And clasp thee, hand in hand,
And hold thee, heart to heart.

Here in Love's holy-place
Look thou in every face
Till, sudden, at the end
Thy hidden thought is known,
Thy secret soul is shown,
And thou hast found thy friend !

What Life hath to bestow
Both to enjoy and know
Thus having crowned thy quest,
Do thou explore in turn
The ways of all, and learn
The thing thou doest best.

Thereto with might and main
Apply thy heart and brain,
Nor doubt that, at the last,
Thy labor, taking root,
Will with some perfect fruit
Redeem the imperfect past.

So live and work till Death
Shall soothe thy struggling breath,
And, soaring from the sod,
Thy patient toil and thou,
Alike immortal now,
Are gathered unto God !

THE POET

AN EXCERPT

THE world is all alive
With subtle influences. Every bud
That flushes into fragrance; every leaf
That tingles with the life-blood of the tree;
The clouds the censers of the sea uproll
To the blue dome of heaven; the mountain-
tops,—

Homes of eternal silence; wash of waves
And foam that breaks and bubbles on the shore;
Rainbows and sunsets,—Beauty met with Death
Where Hope is born; the breathing of the
storm,—

Swift herald of the blast that blots out light;
Dawn,—when a bird-note quivers through the dark
To wake the sun; Night,—when the stars shed
calm

Across the infinite abysses:—these
Have all a message that the poet's heart
Alone can understand. So Nature speaks
In all her varied forms: no film of flesh
Or veil of night shuts from the poet's eye
The open secret. On the wind it breathes,
Falls with the rain and thunders from the cloud,
Or flashes over a blue span of sky
Upon a sun-path. Every fleeting fact
Is winged with revelation. Would ye know
What Galileo taught about the sun,
Matters it not that Shelley one day saw

A glint of gold where sped a bubbling brook
Out of a leafy bower, and from it drew
A treasure that enriched the world? In vain
Will Science search so long as she ignores
The highest lessons of the highest minds,—
The surface truths where root and branch are one
In the fruit's ripeness.

Yet another step:

He knows not Nature well not knowing Man
Whose spirit is reflected in the sea
And sky. The star whose glory gilds a joy
Shines very darkly on a soul in pain.
Anger and grief and love and hope contend
Not in the heart alone, but leap thereout
Into the elements. For everywhere
Is Man: blood courses through the Milky Way,
And every twinkling in the firmament
Is but a heart's pulsation. To his moods
The Universe responds, having for each
A varied message that none other hears.
Thus is the Truth imparted, word by word,
To waiting ears. Of what import to all
The falling of a leaf in Autumn wood,
A gleam of moonlight on a dream-tossed tide,—
That finds a Shakespeare ready to record
His passing fancies and interpret them
For Immortality!

To master Man

And all he means,—this Science fails to do,
Probing with lancet and dissecting-knife
An organism born of jelly-fish,

Evolving somewhat higher. Sparks of thought
Kindle the dark interstices of flesh
To a celestial glow where the divine
And human merge. The passions ebb and flow
Through the broad channels of the heart. Above
Rises the fairy structure of the brain
Along whose mystic aisles and arches flit
The lights and shades of living. Every age
Adds semitones to the chromatic scale
Of fine emotions. Every hour exhales
An influence that speeds beyond the night.

But not by logic or analysis
Is the grand problem solved. With eagle eye
Imagination scans the surface facts
And reads their inner meaning. Far beyond
Into the vaster realm of the Unseen
Soars Intuition, making gods of men ;
And over all, the reconciling soul
Of the two worlds,—the Infinite Idea
Translated into Life,—immortal Faith !

A GRAVE NEAR BEAUCAIRE

To live a life of fearless dignity
And gentleness: when comes the time to die
And shift the certain for a doubtful gain,
To bear with patience the long hours of pain,—
If this be manly and a hero's part,
What say you when 'tis found within the heart
Of a dumb brute this to intend and do?
Has Heaven denied the spark it gave to you?

I know an island, a sequestered spot
Washed by the Rhone, whose waters trouble not
A solitary mound beneath the trees,
Unvisited save by the fitful breeze
Of the fierce *Mistral* or the liquid strain
Of some glad nightingale that would, in vain,
Awake what Death has silenced. On a stone
Is writ the name of "Sailor;"—this alone
To tell the tale,—a home beyond the sea
Whence a loved master took him, but to be
Sent on another longer journey then,—
A journey yet unknown to dogs and men.
O, if a noble life thus down the scale
In God's all-wondrous work may not avail
To snatch the boon of Immortality,
Yet shall it last in other ways and be
A high example they may emulate
Who else might knock in vain at Heaven's gate!
So well the little English word may stand,—
A loving tribute in a foreign land,
Until some mighty freshet of the Rhone
Claim all remaining vestige as its own.

LES BAUX

HERE once were ladies fair and gallant lords
Who filled the halls with laughter,—till the call
Of the loud clarion came, “Up with your swords!
The foe advances,—forward one and all!”

But looks grew softer when, to smiles and tears,
The Troubadour had touched his lute and told
The tender tales that echo down the years,—
For Love is young, howe’er the world grow old.

The peaceful tidings brought unto the West
Through this high portal only dealt the rod
Of pestilence to whoso sought for rest
Upon what might have been the Mount of God.

O blessed saints that from the holy shore
Storm-driven sought a refuge here in vain,
Your blight that fell on those hard hearts of yore
Has lasted in long centuries of pain!

And now the lizard runs along the walls
That shield the hungry peasant from the night,
And all is desolation,—save where calls
Hope from a ruin, “After darkness, light!”

THE CHURCH OF SAINT BENOÎT

AN ancient fane I know that lifts its spire
Near where the Loire o'errolls the shifting sands,
Upon whose portal written, as with fire,
Are names of pilgrims come from many lands,—
The Kings, Popes, Saints and Martyrs of the earth
Who strove for heaven with undoubting heart
Ere Faith had fled from France or the new birth
Of Spirit died in the "new birth" of Art.
Before this altar they have knelt in prayer;
These vaults resounded with their holy psalm;
And by their hallowed dust the torches' flare
Illumined faces infinite in calm:
Silent, O France, yet, rightly understood,
Bidding thee seek, not Glory, but the Good.

ORLÉANS

THOU olden city that didst give a name
To a young daughter o'er the Western sea,
For that far land we ask a worthier fame,—
A portion of the spirit breathed on thee
By her whose virgin soul, aflame with love
Of God and country, trusted in the might
Of heaven-sent hope and visions from above:—
Who, fraught with faith and girded for the fight,
Rushed to the field and wrested from the foe
Immortal victory. And when his shame
Has hounded her to death, how grandly glow
Those great, glad eyes that dim the encircling
flame
And flash to all the centuries the tale
That Love must conquer, God and Heaven prevail!

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S GRAVE AT AMBOISE

IN fair Touraine, that fed the blood of kings
With blood of subjects, as by fairy hands
Wrought into forms of loveliness there stands
A chapel on the height whence Amboise springs
Dark with old tragedies,—a fitting place
For one who for dear Art's sake could forego
The sun of Italy, whose pencil show
Beauty in Christ's—and in Medusa's—face.
The wondrous "Supper" slowly crumbles now
On the far convent wall that gave it birth;
The color fades from Mona Lisa's brow,
And here lies Leonardo: not on earth,
But in God's hand and in the human heart
He finds the true eternity of Art.

CHARTRES

WHEN Love and Faith of old wrought hand in hand,
Faith took the stone and bade it soar in air
And seek its God as an embodied prayer,
While Love crowned all with beauty. Who can
stand
Beneath these arches where the soft light falls
In a rich flood of color down the walls

Nor wonder till he worship?—Heaven's rays,
Divided by an Art whose life was praise,
Fill the whole fane with glory, then unite
Upon the soul of Man to make it white.

GOD

His atoms round the circle of the sky ;
His moments mount into eternity ;

But well He guides the snow-flake as the star,
And swift as morning light His heralds are.

He shares the false and blends it with the true,
Hides in the oath and the blasphemer too,

And, in despite of blasphemy and lies,
Thou mayest outspeed the saints to Paradise.

Thou hearest in the tramping of the crowd
Only earth's din?—His silence is more loud

And sounds through all the symphony of Time
A still, small voice,—an undertone sublime,

That wraps in harmony the circling spheres,
Rings in the solemn changes of the years,

Awakes the flower in every slumbering bud
And echoes through the caverns of the blood,—

A summons unto Life, that lifts its head
From the drear waste of chaos and the dead

And flashes forth upon a world complete,
A footstool radiant with the Maker's feet!

LOVE IN ITALY

I

ALL loveliest light that wraps the wold in dreams
And haunts the shadowy deeps of moonlit skies
And trembles through the mist of mountain
streams,—

Floats on her hair and softens in her eyes.
All sweetest sound in leafy knoll or nook
Of swaying bough and ecstasy of bird
And mossy murmurings of the hidden brook,—
Is in her voice yet more melodious heard.
Nature in her doth hold high carnival
Where fair things still a fairer guise employ:
There beauty hath no blemish, bliss no pall,
Sunshine no shadow, sainthood no alloy.
So blest is Paradise, so sad a fate
To wander ever on—without the gate!

II

O Love, Love, Love! What else is there in life
That is immortal? War and hatred cease,
The sheath outlives the sword: the day of strife
Is prelude to the centuries of peace.
The night is but the shadow of the sun;
The evil, of the good. The atoms yearn
Each to the other—even as I turn
To thee, the type of all, yet being one.
As the poor peasant in the wayside shrine
Sees the Great Sacrifice, so I divine
The passion of the universe in thee.
—What do I say? How signifies to me
This world of God and men (nay, do not start!),
So thou but rest thy head upon my heart?

III

I wandered on the terrace in the night;
The sky was murky and the stars were pale;
An oleander gleamed in spectral light
Beneath whose bloom a lonely nightingale
Broke out in snatches of a mournful lay.
I felt that Beauty had not passed away
But slumbered, till those sweetest eyes once more
Should open on the world.—When, suddenly,
Across the heavenly gulf from shore to shore
A ruddy shaft outsped; the air grew clear;
A dewy incense circled flower and tree:
I knew she was awake and Morn was here.
Dear dawning of my life, once dark and numb,
How glad the warmth since thou and Love have
come!

IV

“ True love should overwhelm the Muse’s power :”
This, then, was thy rebuke one glorious night
When we were last in Venice. All the while
Were silent answers wafted from the isle
That holds the Adriatic tide at bay ;
Which, else, would at the ebb breed slow decay
Where now is life and beauty ;—at its height
Would deluge all. No city then would rise
To smile in palace, pinnacle, and tower
And calm reflections of unclouded skies.
Art is the lover’s Lido : passion’s rage,
Fierce to destroy, by Beauty’s wise control
Works for the world a wondrous heritage,—
Immortal types of the immortal Soul.

V.

The air was heavy with the scent of flowers
When from the height of Fiesole we gazed
Where Brunelleschi’s dome and the two towers
Shone in the sunset,—like three fingers raised
To point a heaven where Art and Worship blend.
A last long spire of flame shot through the sky
And left thee sad : “ The glory of the end,—
How sweet to die in Florence !” was thy sigh.
But I replied, “ Rather, the golden bars
Of day are burst : the world doth onward move
To larger life beneath the infinite stars.
The calm of night comes wingèd on the breath
Of roses, dearest heart. When Youth and Love
And Florence meet, can there be thought of Death ?”

VI

Under the shadow of our pyramid,
Rome's thought of Egypt,—dearest, there are hid
Two graves of English poets. I have heard
That no celestial song of love or loss
That Italy gave birth to could outvie
Their rapture whom death gave to Italy.
So here three ages meet: the imperial word
Of nations sunk in night still sounds across
The tide of years, to tell the spirit's life
Through the poor form's decay. Not otherwise
These verses that I sing to thee are rife
With visions Adam dreamed in Paradise
And hopes that herald in the Eternal Day:
Hearts turn to dust,—Love changes not alway.

A WARM WINTER

FROM each dark haunt of woodland disappears
The glimmer of the snow.
No icy spearlets glisten through the tears
That off the branches flow.

Some lone, forgotten warbler of the sun
Bewails from bough to bough
A warmth that once so ripe a harvest won,—
To reap a famine now.

And murmurous swarms awake to wing a flight
That whirls them to the tomb;
And buds that blink an instant at the light
Are blighted ere they bloom.

What joy it were to hear upon the lake
The skater's merry call,
And see fulfilled in every hurrying flake
The promise of the Fall,—

That Life awhile should slumber, wrapped about
With raiment pure and sweet,
Till from the hidden germ a flash leap out
And Spring arise, complete!

O souls that shiver in the bitter blast
That sweeps the bounds of Time,
May no enfeebled energy outlast
The vigor of your prime!

Better the Winter's call to rest at length,
The silence of the sod,—
The slow awaking to immortal strength
In the sweet fields of God!

BY THE LAKE

THE hours are golden that I pass
Upon this shelving bank of grass
Where violets and daisies make
A glittering margin for the lake.

Deep in those waters there is seen
A forest of eternal green,
And clouds that float in tranquil bliss
Through regions fairer far than this.

And flowers there are whose lovely hues
Are radiant with celestial dews :
Bathed in a liquid ecstasy
They cannot fade, they cannot die.

And all the downward-drooping trees
Seem stirred by shadowy melodies,
And flashing wings soar into view
To sink in depths of boundless blue.

Clear gleams the image in the tide
Till o'er the surface ripples glide,
And then the silvery vision seems
To melt into a thousand dreams.

O world of time through which I move,
The Spirit over all is Love !
We look into the deeps and see
The surge of human misery :

The futile fight, the dark despair,
The stress of poverty and care,
The hopes that fail, the loves that wane,
The awful sacrament of pain,—

Like ripples vanish, and the glow
From the far heaven wakes below,—
The same glad light reflected there
That we have loved in upper air!

ON THE CANAL

A LONG low line of water-way
Whereon we glide,—a happy throng
Of wanderers who fill the day
With jest and song.

Beyond, while shadows wax and wane,
The river, at its own sweet will,
Majestic, curves from hill to plain,
From plain to hill.

Here where the stealthy Indian trod
Over the rocks the hare-bell grows,
Or blossoms from some span of sod
The faint wild-rose.

A fragrance all our senses floods
From where the grape is flowering,
Sweet as the dew on waking buds
And fresh as Spring.

And through the branches, as we float,
Wood-robins flit from morn till even,
And warble in a triple note
A hint of Heaven.

Then night comes on, and stars and moon
Look down in silence,—as to shame
The fireflies' magic maze that soon
Sets fields aflame.

And thus we grow to understand
A quiet born of ecstasy,
A peace of water and of land,
A calm of sky,—

That make the soul serene and still,
Where lights of love and dreams of good
Are imaged,—like the cloud and hill
In yonder flood.

Oh, eyes grow dim and friends must part,
And youth with years sweeps swiftly by;
But there are days that haunt the heart
And never die!

BY THE SEA

MIDNIGHT, and a long moan o' the tide,
And waves that break in white and slide
In foaming curves across the sand
To lick the seaweed where I stand;
And phantom sails against a moon
That dips in darkness,—oh, too soon!
What is the message that ye bring,—
The solemn mystery ye sing,
Still night, calm heart, and restless sea,
And, through them all, Infinity?

“THERE'S A LAY IN EVERY LEAF.”

THERE'S a lay in every leaf,
A sonnet in every stone,
Not a thing that does not joy to sing,
Nor song that sounds alone.
So long as lovers live,
So long as poets stay,
Life hath more melody to give
Than Death can take away.

“STAR THAT SHINEST TO A STAR.”

STAR that shonest to a star
Over wastes of endless night,
Are there messages in flight,—
Wingèd hints of what ye are,
What ye will be,—that ye send
Each unto his fiery friend?
Or do ye exist to shine
Into mortal eyes like mine,
Star that shonest to a star?

ENCHANTMENT

AN ODE

“The light that never was on sea or land”

I

LIFE is an isle enchanted;
Around it roll the seas of endless time;
And every wave is haunted
By shadows of a mystery sublime.
Whom most the subtle spell doth bind
Alone its source can find,—
Alone unfold amid these shades of night
God and His world in light.

II

Nature doth take her darling by the hand
To lead him through the pleasant land.
She shows him suns that set and rise,
The infinite calm of starry skies,
The peerless lustre of high peaks of snow,—
 Fleecy clouds that float in air
 Or drop in nectar pure and rare
On all things beautiful below.
She fills his ear with harmonies,—
Soft sighings of the Summer breeze,
Bird-voices from melodious woodland calling,
 The thunder's deep-toned threnody,
 Far chanting of the eternal sea
And murmurous sound of misty waters falling.
About his every breath she weaves
 An incense from the sweetest flowers
 That ever blossomed amid bowers
Of dew-bespangled leaves.
Yet he who would the secret tell
 That Nature holds so well,
Must enter by the gate of bliss
A scene more wonderful than this:—
Through all the ecstasy of earth must know
A light the world has never seen,
Shadows that no sun can throw,
 Melody more serene
Than human ear hath ever heard
In lapse of water or in song of bird.—
Through every pulse of being he must feel
 The deep enchantment steal,

Until the answer flashes on his view
And that which seemed most false is known to be
most true.

III

A magic hath the Past,—
A potency more vast
Than light that circles space or sound that shakes the
skies.

The Pyramids that rise
Out of old Egypt's sands,—
Feudal walls that frown
On valley and on town
In the far Northern lands,—
The fanes of classic Greece and Rome,
Seem sometimes more our home
Than daily rounds unscented by blossoms of sur-
prise.

But he who fain would make that dead world live
Must to the knights of yore a new arena give,—
Not by rude delving at the stones,
Sifting the dust of dead men's bones,
Or reading mystic letters on the walls
Where scarce the sunlight falls.

As ivy that o'erspreads a ruined tower
Lends to the Past a glory not its own
By borrowing from this present hour
What from the Present hath forever flown,—
He must awake an atmosphere
More mystical and yet more clear
Than that once mingled with their breath,

So what to them was glare of common day
Dawns on our weary way
A dream of joy, a glory unto death.
The poet's eye should see
A rapture in romance, a charm in chivalry,
Unknown to them that lived in olden days.
His saint, aglow with purer praise,
His hero, more serene in soul,
Must shame the former deed, press to a grander
goal.
If the enchantment pall,
If once cold Science come,
Then will the wondrous fabric fall,—
The master-work of ages be desolate and dumb.

IV

The lover's eye
In one fair form and face
All loveliness doth trace
That thrills the air and haunts the sky.
Her voice hath all the melody
Of Winter wind and Summer sea,
And what is sweetest, purest, best,
Finds a sole haven in her breast ;
While everything around,
Like silence into sound,
Like darkness into day,
In her celestial presence fades away.
Yet do not this a blindness call ;
Rather a foresight, true and clear,
Of the full glory of the year.

The germ of undeveloped power
That other men know not at all
He sees as perfect fruit and flower.
His narrowness that they decry
Is as a lens through which to spy
One star of the true galaxy,
While their whole truth is but a lie
And their whole harmony a strife.
To sluggish sense and clotted vein
The spirit of a newer life
Summons a movement full and free.
On eye and ear, on heart and brain,
All gracious influences pour
From hill and vale, from sea and shore.
He hath a hope for every hour ;
No season's voice for him is mute,
But each hath happy messages
And every change is born to bless.
Winter beneath her breast of snow
Holds promise of the future glow ;
And after Spring has caught the rays
And woven them in golden days,
Comes Summer with the full-blown flower,
And Autumn with the ripened fruit.
He is in tune with Nature's symphony :
Now, as of old,
Under the hands of Man, her lord,
She rolls through space one glad accord.
The silent shadows flee,
Mists melt away, the doors of heaven unfold.

Upon Enchantment's wings
He soars from earth to higher things,
Beholds the deeps unsealed,
The Universe revealed.
And they who, in derision,
Once mocked the lover's vision,
Awake at last to find
The darkness theirs: the world, not Love, is blind.

V

The world is Spirit: this mysterious show
In which we now abide
Is but the channel where its currents glide
From heavenly sources into depths below.
So free it is all bounds it doth surpass,
So full that it doth ever overflow,
Flooding the forms of sense,—
Not changing them, but making them intense
With a new meaning. From the blade of grass,
As from the highest impulse of the heart,
Whispers the oracle sublime,
And every syllable it speaks
Reveals some truth that Manhood seeks:
Thus is the whole incarnate in the part,
And the Eternal grafted on to Time.
The flower that in the garden grows
Becomes a star while yet a rose,
Exhales an incense that doth scent
The temple of the firmament,
And flashing from its resting-place
Illumines all the courts of space;

While the faint atom, that from far
Hurls off the night, remains a star,
But deepens to a soul and floods
Man's spiritual solitudes.

Art's humble votary
Captures the sparkle, giving it a home
Where it may ever bide,—
Now in the rounding of a dreamlike dome,
Now in the glowing grace
Of canvas or the marble face,
Now on the sphere-encircling tide
Of deathless melody.
From densest dusk of wooded ways,
From pools where every sunbeam plays,
From glistening caves in earthy deeps
And breezy beds where ocean sleeps
From land and water, air and fire,
Spring forth the forms that they inspire,—
More elemental than themselves,
Of gnomes and naiads, sprites and elves,—
Each phantom an embodiment
Of what was Nature's true intent,
Giving to Fancy ear and eye
Finer than she could satisfy.
Then from Imagination's plane
The spirit mounts to Faith's domain,
Shines through the higher hopes and fears
That Man has known for countless years,—
Reflected thence into a thousand creeds,
The altars of unnumbered needs,

Each dark with myth that doth belie
The claim to be sole shrine of all the good,
Yet each, when rightly understood,
A sacrifice for sin,—a beacon to the sky.
Thus, spirit of Enchantment, at thy breath
Beauty is born of Death,—
Hope, leaping to fruition from the sod,
Scatters the night and guides us up to God!

EQUALITY

JUDAS and Jesus, both in Jewry bred,
Grew up to manhood in the accustomed way,
Slumbering by night and toiling through the day.
The one of them esteemed the other's head
Worth thirty silver pieces. How his plan
And he, in turn, were valued, none may know.
Jews, Romans, were they, but between them, lo,
All that is infinite in God and Man!

Equality, though demagogues may storm,
Hath never been,—but let our axiom be
That each hath fitting service to perform
Which no one else may do as well as he:
The skull is the achievement of the worm;—
The soul a monument of Deity.

GREEK MUSIC.

THE silent Space enfolds a sea of sound :
The silence of the Ages is too deep
For Art to penetrate their dreamless sleep,
Nor holds the Sphinx a secret more profound
Than with what magic Orpheus and his lute
Opened the gates of Hell. No more the dance
Wakes Cyprian groves: the pipe of Pan is
mute.

We only know that there was melody
Of spirit so ecstatic as to trance
All worshipping within those glorious shrines
That fill the earth with beauty. Poesy,
Sublime as in its youth, no longer rings
With the old choral splendor. Who divines
The universal hush while Pindar sings?

“I DARE NOT FUME OR FRET.”

I DARE not fume or fret :
Ever before my eyes
Are silent stars that set
And silent suns that rise.

I cannot wail or weep :
To every burdened breath
Cometh a respite,—Sleep ;
Cometh a rapture,—Death.

IN EXCELSIS

HIDE our souls in Thy great heights,
Thou among the stars!
Draw them upward to Thy lights,
Quicken them with heavenly sights!
Weary are they, full of scars
From these earthly fights.

Peace is on the summit snow,
Serene and unattained.
Greater peace there is, we know,
Where Thy lamps celestial glow:
Some that peace have gained.
Beyond the days, beyond the nights
That Godhood makes and Manhood mars,
Hide our souls in Thy great heights,—
Thou among the stars!

“ I CANNOT SING ”

I CANNOT sing in climes so cold to Art,—
Whose beacon is not Beauty, but the glare
Of molten metal. Should a sudden spark
From old-world altars kindle here a glow,
While from our Western wonder-land should blow
Winds scented with the prairie,—these might start

A fire of genius to whose infinite scope
Our flame seemed shadow. But, alas, we are
Too young for glory and too old for hope!
A cloud of leaden mist veils everything:
No hint from heaven, no signal from a star
To bid me sing!

Could Shelley sing if his enraptured lark,
Dreading the din, had fluttered to the ground,
To melt no more into melodious air?
If an impassive world were murmuring,
"Be silent, poet!", heeding more the sound
Of mills that grind out gold to greedy hands
Than songs that woo the want from hungry
hearts,—
Could Shakespeare sing?

Yet, O my Soul, be patient!—On these lands
Dear Nature smiles, and in her love imparts
High purposes and longings for the light:
Brave wars are waged; true victories are won.
Out of the breast of ocean must arise
A pyramid of cloud ere all the skies
May move in crimson caravan along
The pearly peaks of dawn. And so, to-night,
A prayer ascends, and with to-morrow's sun
May come a song!

ODE

TO THE CIRRI

YE wanderers in the silent ways of heaven,
That from the crimson portals of the morn
Through the white radiance of the noon are borne
Up to the purple pinnacles of even,—

How have I watched, exulting in your splendor,
To see the sunbeams in each fleecy fold
Weave mystic hues of amethyst and gold,—
Then sought in vain your fitting praise to render!

Were I the lark, I'd dream that ye might love me,
And, mounting to your eyry in the sky,
Pour out my life in song. But here I lie,
Poor clod of earth,—and you so far above me!

Above the surge of seas, the flash of fountains,
The winds that murmur softly through the night
Or blazon forth the fury of their might;—
Above the summits of the highest mountains,—

The realms of rain, the prison-house of thunder,
The vapors lightning-riven, rainbow-zoned,—
Over them all ye sit in state, enthroned
In a celestial sphere of light and wonder.

The dust of toil, the incense of our altars,
Our notes of joy and pain,—how far below!
Where the faint footfalls ever come and go
Of Youth that hastens and of Age that falters.

Of heaven ye seem, yet always are attending
The world upon its course about the sun,—
Content to serve, nor stray in paths that run
Through galaxies and spaces never-ending.

How shall I sing you rightly?—At the portal
Of the divinest Muse I would be told
What ye resemble that the earth doth hold,—
Sharing, like you, the mortal and immortal:

Like to the glow two youthful hearts are feeling,
Not passionless,—where purity intense
Doth hallow all the mysteries of sense,
A golden glimpse of Paradise revealing:

Like to the poet whose Olympian measures
Move not through woes of war nor lures of lust,—
Low loves and hates of creatures of the dust,
But soar among the soul's ethereal treasures,—

Fair spirit forms of fantasy and fable
That haunt the air and whisper from the sea,
More sweetly human than Humanity
Whose type they are,—and far less miserable.

Is it of Death ye tell, whose barriers sever
This softness of the Spring, this Summer glow
From the dark Winter into which we go,
Where the warm Now is merged in cold Forever?

Or is it Life ye teach,—the culmination
Of souls that centre to the Source Divine,
Where each in glorious liberty shall shine
Unlost in the vast cyclus of Creation?

We know not. Oh, our ears are dull for hearing
The gracious messages of skies and seas!
Our eyes are dim and read but mysteries
Where on the cloud His symbols are appearing:

Till Beauty wakes.—The shadowed leaves are twink-
ling;
A breath of fragrance circles every bud;
The starlight shivers in the mountain flood;
The brooks their mossy borders are besprinkling.

Out of the hills a thousand tones are ringing;
Harmonies stir in ocean and in air;
A glorious symphony is everywhere:
We ask no prophet: all is told in singing.

Our thoughts, our hopes from Nature's frame re-
moving,
The One of whom the whole is but a part
Now opens out to us His very heart:
We need no lesson: all is learned in loving.

So float on ever in your peace supernal,
Ye radiant fleeces, messengers sublime!
Your presence shall inspire the soul through Time,
Your promise light it on to the Eternal.

A SONG OF SPRING

KING Winter is low :
His sceptre of snow
Hath melted away in the mist of the streams ;
The ice of his crown
Hath trickled adown
To soften Earth's slumber with beautiful dreams.

The usurper is come,
And the merry bees hum,
And the birds in the wildwood are carolling clear ;
While jubilant ring
The horns of the Spring
From upland and lowland, from meadow and mere.

In the leaflets o'erhead
Green mingles with red,—
As Summer and Autumn were blended in one ;
The dogwood doth gleam
With blossoms that seem
A mockery of snow in the smile of the sun.

Sing, blackbird and swallow,
From hillside and hollow,—
Flash flakes of the sunlight through forest and fell !
From the heart of the bush,
Wood-robin and thrush,
Pour out your rich rapture to gladden the dell !

Vain reveller, weep
For loved ones that sleep,—
Whose eyes will not open to welcome the Spring!
Thou mourner, rejoice
That vision and voice
One victory herald, one prophecy sing!

THE WATCH

It is a night of sentinels:
Glow-worms are peeping out of dells,
And stars are blinking in the sky,
And God holds all beneath His eye.

Though vision may no longer trace
The treasures of my Lady's face,
My inmost soul her image keeps
Who now within her chamber sleeps.

Slumber, and may no earthly stream
Pollute the current of thy dream,
Nor my unworthy flame arise
To dim thy guardian angel's eyes!

TENNYSON

OCTOBER 6, 1892

DEAR and great singer, ere the gleam of gold
Has faded from the flowers on the way
Where Whittier was borne, again to-day
A harp is hushed, a loving heart is cold,
And thou, the new, art numbered with the old!
O poet of the high Arthurian lay,
Make us true knights, that we may work and pray,
Fired by thy fine ideals, ever bold
To strive that, like thy singing, Life may be
A perfect Art attuned to noble ends!
So take our tears,—no deathless threnody
Like thine for that fair soul that sailed afar;
Till now at dawn ye meet again,—two friends
Safe with your Pilot, having crossed the bar.

QUATRAINS

THE QUATRAIN

THE quatrain do not scorn!—One line, one word,
May hold the thought that to an Epic grew:
All music may be echoed in a bird,—
All light reflected in a drop of dew.

GENESIS

Did Chaos form,—and water, air, and fire,
Rocks, trees, the worm, work toward Human-
ity,—
That Man at last, beneath the churchyard spire,
Might be once more the worm, the rock, the tree?

THE LESSON

Thus spake a poet: "Shall I break the spell
Of spheric music with a homily?
Let Beauty teach, and all is surely well.
You ask my moral?—Take my melody!"

TO SORROW

O ye that weep,—alas, ye are not few!—
In your souls' darkness let this comfort be,—
Day hides the vasty stillnesses from view:
Night and the stars unveil Infinity!

WORDS

Words are our tyrants in these soulless days:
We serve the syllable, revere the phrase.
Oh, that the Muse would give us power to sing
No more the rhyme, the metre,—but the thing!

THE IRREVOCABLE

Thou thinkest Paradise were hardly won
Did Hell, too, last not through Eternity.
Thou hast done the deed: it is forever done.
Is that not punishment enough for thee?

RESTRAINT

The wildwood flower do not cull,
Or eye will lose what hand doth win.
Think not to say, "How beautiful!"
But let the beauty enter in.

TO THE POETS OF PASSION

Of infinite instincts, souls intense that yearn,—
The weaklings warble. Dante told in rhyme
How the hand steams when wet in winter-time,
And paper changes color ere it burn.

ARISTOCRACY

The blade of grass that pierces city glooms
Seems lowborn to the loveliness that blooms
Without the walls.—Yet to produce this blade,
Were all this sky and sun and Springtime made.

THE PROPHET-SWORD

Singeth the rust on the sword a carol of peace,
Silencing choirs of seraphim flaming through war-
less heights,
Clash of the fallen centuries, din of old days and
nights:
So is the sword the sign that the sword shall cease.

RUINED

Who asks what Sex is, let him scan
The penalty here paid :
It is thy thought, O heartless man !
Thy heart, O thoughtless maid !

WISDOM

The sages who sainthood despise
Have little understood
That if it is good to be wise,
'Tis wiser to be good.

NIGHT

The heavens their ancient miracles perform ;
The passive earth her age-long vigil keeps ;
And Man in safety and in silence sleeps
Through cyclic calm or universal storm.

ANSWERS TO A SERIES OF QUESTIONS

DUTY

To sacrifice a pleasure that the soul
May find in higher happiness its goal ;
With calm, unerring vision to forego
The temporal part for the eternal whole.

HAPPINESS

With easy conscience and a kindly will,—
Daring all good and fearing nothing ill,—
The great, dead Masters guiding heart and
brain,—
The friend well-loved,—alive and with me still.

ENJOYMENT

"What do I most enjoy?"—From hour to hour
My longings change. A friend, a book, a flower,
A symphony, a painting,—naught's amiss
In such a world of beauty and of power.

PLEASURE

Mountain and sea, horizons vast and dim,
A flowery sward along a rivulet's rim,
And, 'mid a melody of lyre and bird,
The kiss of Psyche and the goblet's brim!

MOTTO

"To love and hate,"—for there is much to hate
And much to love in this our mortal state;
And when we scale the heights of the Beyond,
Ah, who can tell us if the gain be great?

LIBERTY

Not out of all allegiance would I be.
To brutish license and satiety
The eternal laws deal certain punishment:
Who truly serves alone is truly free.

OPTIMISM

From Chaos unto Man, without a rest,
The building of the Universe progressed;
And what evolved the hero and the saint
Will ever crown the better with the best,

GALILEE

O GALILEE, O Galilee,
No longer sound across thy sea
 Those accents strange and sweet!
The hollows of thy silent shore
Will echo not forevermore
 The tread of blessed feet.

And thou, Jerusalem,—of old
The symbol of the streets of gold,—
 How fallen thy estate!
While hope was high and faith was fast,
The kingdom of thy Lord hath passed
 And left thee desolate.

O World he entered to redeem,
Is that salvation but a dream,—
 A legend to outgrow?
We shiver on the verge of night,
Yet fearful lest the morrow's light
 Will work a deeper woe.

For this we tremble to resign
Hath been for us a guide divine
 Through all our earthly way,—
A joy, a peace, a heavenly spark,
A hope mysterious as the dark
 And glorious as the day.

Yet the remorseless ages pass
And faith that flourished like the grass
Is slowly dying out.
We feel that every master-mind
Is leaving Dogma far behind
For fellowship with Doubt.

We know that Science hourly brings
Some message from the heart of things
That changes what we love.
The vision vanishes afar ;
The comet that we deemed a star
Shines nevermore above.

About the altars of our youth
We raise the walls of ancient Truth
And bid the tempests blow.
One whisper from the morning breeze,
One shaft of sunlight through the trees,
Hath laid the fabric low.

But if the heavenly light doth shine
In India as in Palestine,—
From crescent as from cross,
So all our human brotherhood
May share with us one common good,—
Can that be counted loss ?

The prophet in his fiery trance,
The dervish in his frenzied dance,
Are both on sacred sod.
In Mecca and Benarès stand
True pilgrims to the Holy Land
And make their peace with God.

All worship is a sacrament,
And every revelation sent
Is free of time and place.
Wherever faithful lives are led,
Wherever hungry souls are fed,
Descends celestial grace.

And what if we must miss as well
The magic of the miracle,—
The sword at Eden's doors,
The dead uprisen from the grave,
The leper that no skill could save,—
A word, a look, restores?

We scorn too much the mystery
That waits beneath the common sky
And meets the finger-tips.
We seek the strange where'er we go:
The sun unseen at noon doth grow
Colossal in eclipse.

When the soft snow-flakes hide the plain,
Is not the Autumn-canker slain,
 The leprous earth made whole?
And in the Springtime, at a breath
Doth Life not issue forth from Death,—
 The sod receive a soul?

Why seek we in unwonted ways
The force that guideth all the days
 And nights that e'er we saw?
Do not the enchanted moments tell
That all of life is miracle
 And miracle is law?

Not in some stormy, strange event
Is the Divine made evident:
 Through things we always see
The incarnate spirit ebbs and flows,
Mounting from atom up to rose,
 From rose to galaxy.

O wonderful Apocalypse!
No longer shrouded in eclipse
 We hail the light again.
The old-time fables must depart
That, while they twine about the heart,
 Do but obscure the brain.

Yet—even as we speak—a doubt
Assails our spirits looking out
Upon the Promised Land.
If knowledge be our greatest good,
How is it with the multitude
Who may not understand?—

The weary ones who pray and toil,
Sowing their seed upon the soil
That they may reap thereby,
No sure return of earthly bliss,
But, in a better scheme than this,
A mansion in the sky :

The fallen ones who, with the hate
Of all mankind, bemoan their fate,
Yet dread the other shore,
Until they lift their eyes and see
The Love that died upon the tree,
And rise and sin no more :

The sainted ones who bear the light
Into the lands of darkest night,
Content if they may trace
Above the flames that lick their bones,
Or through the crushing shower of stones,
The glory of a Face :

The sorrowing ones who leave the tomb
Radiant with an immortal bloom,—

A peace that shall endure :
“ Sweet be thy rest ! The further pain
Is ours, dear heart. We meet again.
The Master’s word is sure : ” —

How will it be with such as these
Who worship great realities,
If we before them set
Vague hopes and fears for Heaven and Hell,
A Christ who might be named as well
Buddha or Máhomét ?

Or if their God—the loving Power
Who visits them with sun or shower
According to their call—
Become an Essence too sublime
To act in Space or think in Time,
Though immanent in all ?

Unloved, unguided, will not they
Look backward to the earlier day
In silence of regret ;
Then, when old visions reappear,
Exclaim, “ O Christ, that thou wert here,
Or that we dreamed it yet ! ” ?

Incited to no worthy act,
Will they not sink to slaves of Fact
 That yields but to the brave;
So, girded with indifference,
Live only on the lines of sense
 And grovel to the grave?

Thus in the dimness of the Past
Man's best would hide,—the promise vast
 That glorified his birth;
And the long looked-for Future be
The tomb of joy and liberty,—
 The twilight of the earth.

But, O ye eyes and heart and brain!
Have ye not read the doctrine plain,
 The symbols evident,
Of Evolution working out
A progress through decay and doubt
 To the supreme Event?

Ere storm and chaos sank to rest,
Life woke within an atom's breast
 And, careless of its goal,
To plant and mollusc first attains,
Sparkles in sinews, nerves, and veins,
 To flash out full in Soul.

Onward from man to man it goes,
And slowly ripens where it sows
 And garners where it reaps ;
And not a moment of the day
But marks some tare it casts away,
 Some precious seed it keeps.

And sun and frost and wind and rain
Foster the strength that can sustain
 Their perilous yoke and thrive ;
But smite with fury to the ground
All that is stunted or unsound :
 The fittest aye survive.

The Past becomes the burial-place
Of everything too weak or base
 To enrich the Future's store ;
And every generation tends
To larger wisdom, higher ends,
 Than that which came before.

So what one age esteems divine,—
A truth that shall forever shine,—
 The next age may outgrow.
But not till it can do without
What once 'twas dangerous to doubt,
 Some wider truth to know :

Not till the strength that came of old
From fane of rock and shrine of gold
Return, and men can say,
“ Our doubts are swallowed in our deeds ;
Our faith is deeper than the creeds :
To practise is to pray.”

Behold the blossoms on the bough,—
An undulating Eden now
Of fragrances and hues.
Erelong they quit their airy hold,
Sink, shrivel darken in the mould
Or vanish in the dews.

Think you their life has reached a close?
Oh, no: it lingers still and flows
Through branch and bole and root.
What falls is but an empty shell:
The best is left behind, to swell
Into the perfect fruit.

And know that to the Autumn hosts
Of russet-wingèd, fluttering ghosts
That tremble through the trees
They fed with sunshine and with rain,—
Still in the mounting sap remain
Their vernal ecstasies.

And when the serpent sheds his skin
Before the Summer heats begin,
 The flesh will not decay.
The tissue of each separate scale
Is woven into newer mail:
 The husk is cast away.

And so in change of every kind
The substance may remain behind,
 Although the semblance fall.
Beneath the surface of the creeds,
Varied to suit a million needs,
 One Spirit stirs them all.

O ye who love it, do not fear
The older faith will disappear
 Because the new doth rise!—
The vital spark that glowed, despite
The dust of dogma, rust of rite,
 Now kindles all the skies.

O Galilee, thy waters roll
Along the channels of the soul
 And hallow where they flow!—
The incidents of Palestine
Like heaven-inspired symbols shine
 Of deeper truths below.

The Life shall ne'er forgotten be
That showed us the sublimity
Of sacrifice and pain.
Though Christmas-Morn and Easter-Day
And Pentecost should pass away,
The Christ shall aye remain !

PHILLIPS BROOKS

JANUARY 23, 1893

FALLEN that mighty form,
Silent the voice
That through the sin and storm
Made men rejoice.

Not alone Friendship stands
Mute and forlorn :—
Over all English lands
Myriads mourn.

Soldier, as one he fought
Loving the strife ;
Teacher, a truth he taught
Radiant with life.

The narrow bounds he burst
Of creed and clan,
Seeing in sinner first
Brother and Man ;

Kept through maturer might
Fervor of youth;
Saw through the smoke of rite
The Sun of Truth;

Let faded dogmas drop,
Sure of the Soul,—
Fearless that Doubt would stop
Man from his goal;

Drew from the dust and weeds
Lessons of Love
Sown in our earthly needs,
Garnered above;

Saw in the stars and sea
Symbols sublime,
Gleams of Eternity,
Hopes beyond Time;

Heard heavenly whisperings
Where'er he trod;
Felt through the frame of things
The pulse of God.

O dying century, test
Thy sons and say,
“My bravest, truest, best,
I lose this day!”

ADVENT

THE orb of Godhead gleamed
Beyond our sight ;
The soul a jewel seemed
Encased in night.

And while men slept, to them
One came from far
And set in heaven the gem,
On earth the star.

NOËL

O HERALD Angels, whether ye sung
In Judean skies when the world was young,
It matters not.—Till the world is gray,
Ye will sing in our hearts and lives to-day.

PALM SUNDAY

I HOLD this day in truth adored
By Parsee, Buddhist, Islamite,—
By all who love and seek the light
And serve with humble hearts the Lord.

Do not these holy symbols tell
A wonder vaster, more divine,
Than perished palms of Palestine,—
Hosannas hushed in Israel?

On every warrior true and brave,
Before the hour of bitter woe,
God doth a heavenly hope bestow
To cheer and fortify and save.

'Tis the clear vision of the soul,
Unstained as yet by smoke of strife,
That grasps the deeper things of life
And grows through wisdom strong and whole.

That mystic moment more doth bless
Than all the rapture that attends
The instant when the struggle ends
In what the world defines success.

Palms for the victor who hath bled
For Love and counts the prize a toy,
And palms for him who fights with joy
But, ere the triumph dawn, is dead?

GOOD FRIDAY

O LOVE Divine! How can we frame
The thought of Thy immensity?—
We fold Thee in a form we see
And call Thee by a mortal name.

We cannot grasp the eternal ends
That Thou dost serve, so make Thee show
The finest fruit of Love we know
And give Thy life to save Thy friends.

O deem not far-off Calvary
The phantom of a faded creed!
Undying is the human need
That bade this deathless story be.

And long as moons shall wax and wane
Or constellations rise and fall,
Will Christ be born within the stall
And perish on the cross of pain.

HESPERIA

O WESTERN Land, I know thee but in dreams!
My thoughts have gone the journey of the sun:
Mine eyes have but beheld his early beams
Enkindling the Atlantic. I have won

Dear memories amid the antique lands,—
Not sacrificed at Nature's secret shrine
Where Man is nought and all things are Divine.
Only in sleep my spirit understands
Niagara's diapason echoing
Far trumpet-tones from some aërial choir;
Or seeks thy spray, Yosemite, where swing
Fair rainbow-garlands; or, for rapture, weeps
By Yellowstone,—a maze of rock and fire
That one vast wave of color oversweeps.

OPTIMISM

A BIRD on the upper bough,
And a heart in pain below;
And the good God knows, I trow,
That the passing human woe
Is part of a smaller scheme
Than the song that throbs in a glow
Of rays on rays that stream
From millions on millions of miles,—
Till the happy warblings cease,
When the starbeams bear through the infinite
aisles
The deeper joys of Peace.

A THOUGHT

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF FANNY KEMBLE

THE soul of Man, evolving more and more
Life's deeper meaning, slights the outer round
Of mere display. The thrill that tells the ground
Spring is above and Winter's bondage o'er,
The melodies that ripple on the shore,
Awake emotions stormy and profound
As in the savage breast the thunderous sound
Of avalanches, or the earthquake's roar.
Thus she in whom men's memories rejoice
Forsook the mimic stage, nor could endure
The noisy mockeries that so arouse
The raptures of the mob.—In that one voice
More sweetly sang the birds on Arden's boughs,
More fiercely raged the madness of the Moor.

AN OUTLOOK

WHAT is a day of sorrow,
A week of vain regret?—
On many a gloomy morrow
A glowing sun will set.

What darkest year can blind us
To centuries of light?
Though Time look black behind us,
Eternity is bright.

VOICES

ONE Speech there is, but voices manifold.
A message meets our ears,
Now wafted from the spheres,
Now whispered from the worm within the mould.

In Nature's chorus Self is unexpressed:
The wood, the wave, the air
No shallow pride declare,
But deeper laws on which their beings rest.

The forest in its stir of bird and spray
Singeth the season's change,—
The movement slow and strange
Of earthly axis on its heavenly way.

The ether chanteth in a thunder-strain
Of suns that smite the sea,
And set the vapors free
To seethe in fiery foam from peak to plain.

The ocean in its monody of might
Or murmur of repose
Telleth the tide that shows
The world-heart yearning to the orb of night.

O soul of Man, immortal heart and voice,
Wilt thou alone be dumb,
Nor to that chorus come
With tones that make the universe rejoice?

The fruits of Fame, the treasures of the mine,
The passions and delights
Of stormy days and nights,
All Life itself, lack greatness such as thine.

Let these not be thy theme, but let it be
The deep eternal things,—
The hope that ever springs
Out of the sod to end in Deity.

SILENCE

A SILENT change creeps over bud and bloom,
From Spring to Autumn, and around to Spring;
Or soars into a higher sphere to bring
The babe to manhood, manhood to the tomb.

Silence of snows in yon ærial place
The first fresh beam enkindles, base to height;
And, far beyond, the calm of endless night
Encircling all the starry homes of Space.

Silent, the aspiration of the worm
To scale the heights of Man and be at rest;
And silence deep within the ocean's breast
Beneath the seething riot of the storm.

Wails from the wounded, moanings from the mire,
A din of demagogues, a strife of streets,—
But silence where the heart of hero meets
With willing hand to work the deed of fire.

Beneath the turmoil of the senses roll
The silent tides of life through heart and brain ;
And under all the monotone of pain
Deep silence seals the centres of the soul.

Silence of death that deepens to despair
When love has vanished, burst the mortal bands ;
But down the dark to which we stretch our hands
Come silent answers to the silent prayer.

The great things are the silent ones. They cease—
These undertones of earth—when once we rise
To find beyond the portals of the skies
The eternal silence of the God of Peace.

LINES

ON GIVING A DIME TO AN ITALIAN STREET-SINGER

Poor child of the impassioned South,
Whose ardent eyes and wistful mouth
With warmth and melody enfold
This clime of commonplace and cold,

Is it that in thy voice I hear
The notes of many a vanished year,
Or that thy glowing tones portray
The sunshine of this latter day
Where hills rejoice and vineyards smile
From Como's lake to Capri's isle?—
Howe'er it be, the noisy street,
The whirl of wheels and tramp of feet,
Seem for a while to fade and flee
Before one vision—Italy.

O labyrinth of blissful bowers,—
Art's fruitage twined with Nature's flowers,
Love's blossoms blent with those of Fame,—
What memories cluster round thy name!
I fain to-day would clearly see
What I have longtime owed to thee,
That in some mode I can repay
To this poor wanderer by the way.

Rome,—'tis the centre whence to trace
The history of the human race:
Mistress of War, she won from Greece
The empire of the Arts of Peace
And bore the seed o'er land and main
Of Homer's heart and Plato's brain;—
So passing on from strength to strength
Grew great through all the breadth and length
Of Man's known world. The deeds she wrought
Are woven into human thought

For time and for eternity.
Still may this Iron Era see
On Horace's and Virgil's page
Glimmerings of the Golden Age;
Still echo from the long ago
The clarion notes of Cicero;
Still Cæsar fights and wins the fight,
And, long as Mercy tempers Right,
Till Justice from her throne is hurled,
Justinian's Law shall rule the world.
So, moving on through Peter's reign,
Rome rose and fell and rose again,
Now racked with rapine, murder, lust,—
Now scorning—phoenix-like—the dust
Of old defeats for higher flights.
Last came the Masters—living lights
Of heavenly inspiration sent
To beacon from her banishment
Beauty,—that she again might pour
On field and fane her lavish store,
And o'er the kneeling masses throw
The immortal dome of Angelo.

See where enchanted Venice smiles,
Couched on her Adriatic isles!
Once Queen of all the seas that sweep
From Tyre to the mightier deep,
Her pride inflated by the breeze
That bore her gilded argosies
Into the crimson Orient.
And, though on present gain intent,

Her commerce wrought a lasting good :
Better for that is understood
Man's universal brotherhood,—
The faith that bade us feed to-day
The starving Russian far away.
Nor hath she like a phantom fled,
Her hope decayed, her beauty dead :
Upon the bosom of the brine
Still like resplendent jewels shine
Her pinnacles and palace walls,
And in her churches and her halls
The glorious colors sparkle yet
Of Titian and of Tintoret.

And Florence,—'tis a name we speak
With deeper glow upon the cheek,
With grateful reverence in the heart.
First into view those features start,
Pathetic and profound, that seem
To figure one who dreams a dream,—
Thy shame and glory for all time,
Thy exiled son, the bard sublime
Who best of living men could see
How Time becomes Eternity ;—
Then told his vision in a song
More sweetly strange, more simply strong
Than all that hath been said or sung
Before or since by mortal tongue.
Men and events so quickly pass,
We scarce discern them from the mass :—

The long, long years of civic fights,
Of bloody days and poisoned nights ;
Savonarola's earnest strife
For finer fruits of faith and life ;
The peace of Fra Angelico,
And Raphael whose wonders glow
Supreme among the things of Art ;
And all the toilers in the mart,
Sculptors and artisans untold
Who wrought in marble and in gold
Such loveliness as grows not old,
But mellows with the ripening years.
No idle show their work appears :
For high in Brunelleschi's dome
A voiceless Truth hath found a home,
And Giotto's soaring miracle
Reveals what Nature ne'er could tell.

But vain in one brief flight of verse
To try thy glories to rehearse.
In heaven's azure harmony
Reflected in the bluer sea ;
In bursting grape and blossoming grove ;
In shadowy haunts that poets love
Where sings the nightingale all day ;
In Petrarch's sonnet, Tasso's lay ;
In Pisa's tower, and in her " field "
That did so holy a harvest yield ;
In Milan's marvel, vast and white,
A Gothic paradise of light ;

And not less glorious convent shades
Where Leonardo's Wonder fades ;
Siena's Art, Verona's tombs
And grand Arena ; in the glooms
Where violets hide, and in the pines
That crown the sunny Apennines ;
In every throb of earth that woke
Vesuvian slumbers into smoke,
Or, bursting outward to be free,
In some sublime catastrophe
Sealed in imperishable mould
Pompeii and the life of old ;
In Garibaldi's patriot band
That forged anew a fatherland
And—like Rienzi—summoned home
The spirit of the older Rome ;
In tonal mysteries that haunt
Grave Palestrina's lofty chaunt,
Rossini's, Verdi's, lyric sweep,
And sweet wild-flowers of song that creep
Out of the soil of common things,—
Such strains as this poor minstrel sings
That caught my mood and made me hear
The dreamy splash of gondolier ;—
In each and all of these I name
Is seen some sparkle of the flame,
The essence disembodied, free,
That floats through time and over sea,—
Thy deathless spirit, Italy !

And this doth hold me now and fills
My sense as in the Umbrian Hills,—

A breath that passed into my frame
Ere I had learned to lisp its name,—
A memory whose vision runs
Beyond the rising of my suns,
Revealing in the ages flown
A treasure I may make my own,—
A joy in all things beautiful
That lapse of years can never dull,—
An inspiration that hath led
Through pathways opened by the dead,—
Heroic men who met the needs
Of darkest hours with shining deeds:—
'Tis this that thou hast been to me,
O poet-soul of Italy!

Could hand of mortal ever give
Due meed to Him in whom we live
And move and have our being?—So
What to His creatures we may owe
May pass our efforts to repay.
Oh, witless of my feeble lay,
Thou minstrel from beyond the sea,
Wert thou incarnate Italy
While I besought thee, "Take thy fill:
House, hoard, and heart are thine," I still
Would be thy debtor! As it is,
I reckon for this moment's bliss
That thou wilt thank me for a dime.
Here, take it! I have told in rhyme
What Italy has done for me,—
So *this* I give to Italy.

THE CENTURY-PLANT

Not one, but many servants, hath the Lord
Appointed in due order to record
Where we have sinned in thought and deed and
word.

Each angel serveth for a thousand years
Ere he transmit the scroll whereon appears
The seal of all our human hopes and fears.

And there is ever friendly rivalry
Among the blessed ones who fain would be
Next chosen for that lofty ministry.

Before the last long cycle reached a close
There were two mighty claimants who arose
With holy zeal, as fitted loving foes.

Then God spake: "Seek ye both earth's mysteries!
Who doth report the better to the skies
What he hath seen below, hath won the prize!"

One came back in a flash: "Naught could I see
More worthy than this flower I bear to Thee,
That blooms thus once in a whole century."

After a hundred years the other came:
"Till the last moment all things were the same;
Then one man spake and set the world aflame!"

The Almighty answered : " Nothing is too small,
Though but a bough break or a sparrow fall,
For Him to note who careth for them all !

" The garden of the earth grows many a weed :
A thousand dull endeavors are the seed
From which shall ripen one immortal deed :—

" A thousand lapses go before the crime.
Thou, in a futile quest of the Sublime,
Hast lost—save one brief instant—all thy time.

" While this one—whose the high reward must be—
Hath compassed in a moment's ecstasy
The fruit and fragrance of a century !"

So now the angel of the century-plant
Holds the great record book. And may God grant
That at His hand our souls shall never want !

ORPHEUS

SILENT he stood
In the terrible Vast.
Far over his head
The hulks of Chaos
Loomed through the Void and the Night.

Darkness was all ;
Discord was all ;
A spirit of Dread
Stirred to the uttermost bounds.—
Then he lifted his voice
And touched the lute.

And out on the verge of things
The great lights shivered and shone.
The spheres uprose through the gloom
And swayed through the circles of heaven,
And high in the infinite Space
Galaxies gleamed and grew still :—
Into melodious motion
Or into perpetual peace
Passing,—were swayed in rhythm majestic
Or gleamed and grew still.

But an awful blackness was woven
About the limbs of the earth,—
A blackness of mist and of storm,
A blackness of ashes and smoke,
From the seething surface of Ocean,
From the undermost depths of the central fire.
Till out of the sky
Flashed the fell shafts of the Furies
And rent the blackness asunder
With clash and clamor of hideous sound.
Then he lifted his voice
And touched the lute.

And the air grew sweet with sunshine
And soft with delicate drippings of rain and dew,
And unto the gates of Cloudland
Rose the many-hued, magical arch of the gods.
Through the clear ether glistened
The golden dawn of the moon,
The dreamlike drifting of silvery stars,
And in the height
The day and the night knew Peace.

But at his feet
Barren and black lay the rock-ribbed soil ;
Behind him the wood was a wilderness sere,—
Sapless the bole and the root and leafless the bough ;
Beyond, all bristling with chasm and crag,
Towered the tortuous mountain ridges ;
Before him the serpent sea
Curved and crawled o'er the bones of its slain,
Hissing its hate out in poisonous spray.
Then he lifted his voice
And touched the late.

And, like the flash of a sword,
Flushed through the land a fragrance of flower and
fruit,
And forth from the whisperings of leaf to leaf
And murmur and plash of the brook over pebble and
moss
Leaped the song of the bird.
The hills were gemmed with glints of green

And the valleys were golden with corn and the
vine,
And ever in crystal eddies
Through echoing coves and over sibilant sands
Sparkled the limitless sea.

But, around, the old wars were waged,—
Strifes that were born of hate or of lust;
Heart was turned against heart and hand against
hand.

The groan of the slave at the galleys,
The wail of the wounded beast in his lair,
The shrill repining of Poverty's brood,
The smothered curse from the purlieus of Crime,
The moan of the mourner clasping his dead,—
These were the sounds that circled the world
And swept aloft to the stars.
Then he lifted his voice
And touched the lute.

Love's harmony divine
Out of the discord swelled till all had become
A symphony splendid, sublime,
With heart to heart antiphonal, hand to hand.
Voice of brother to brother called
Across the deep and Commerce was born.
Science drew forth into light the secrets of earth,
And Art enkindled its gloom with the glories of
heaven.
Charity chased the tear from the cheek of Care,
And Worship upbore the burdened soul to the sky.

Life was conceived in joy and in beauty fulfilled
And—yet more beautiful—Death
Opened the door to the wider Hope.

He touched the lute,
And lifted his voice:
“ Under the surface of things,
Beauty and Order and Love
Abide forever and ever.
Blind ye were and ye saw not;
Deaf, and ye heard not.
I that have opened your eyes and your ears
Wrought not these wonders of sight and of sound;
But show and sing what hath ever been,
And shall be forever and ever.
In the primal days
All seemed confusion and chaos
Till the Poet came and his song
Taught you how Order ruled
The far-off, inconceivable systems and spaces.
But ye wandered in darkness and mystery still:
Though the path of the stars shone clear,
The ways of the world were compassed with sorrow
and shade.
But the Nature ye dreaded, whose face
Was frowning with terrors of storm and abyss,—
Have I not shown you her heart,
The heart of your loving Mother?
And the Life of Man that ye deemed
A tangled thread in a maze of universes,

Leading from naught behind into naught before,—
Have I not set it forth in my song,—
The wonderful link that binds
The sod of the earth to the soul of God?
This is the marvel of Music,
This the power of the Poet,—
That through the turmoil of Time,
The weakness and woe of the children of men
'Mid the whirl and might of the million worlds,
These twain announce in accents orphic, serene,
That, under the surface of things,
Beauty and Order and Love
Abide forever and ever!"

APPLE-BLOSSOMS

'Tis not a time to toil or think;
For languid is the warmth that crawls
From yonder blue horizon's brink
Over the winding orchard-walls
To nestle in the white and pink
Of apple-blossoms.

Nor yet a time to moan and sigh;
For cheerful is the light that leaps
Out of the clearness of the sky
To mingle with the mist that steeps
The fragrant foliage,—low and high
All apple-blossoms.

Rather, a time to sleep and sing :
To sleep—amid a dreamy maze
Of petals downward fluttering ;
To sing—when our awaking gaze
Doth greet new pledges of the Spring—
New apple-blossoms.

Season of promises that shoot
Inspiring gleams across our way,
Moulding and mellowing seed and root
For harvest in that golden day
When here will flush the ripened fruit
Of apple-blossoms,—

How all thy varied notes affirm
That Youth and Passion never die,
But merge their crudeness in a term
Of rich and calm maturity,—
As Autumn's glory hath its germ
In apple-blossoms !

USEFULNESS

ASK why the lovely violet hides her head
Dew-tilted in some fragrant haunt of fern,
Nor sweetens with her breath the noisome bed
Of pestilence.—Ask why the cirri spread
Their silvery folds about the spheres, nor yearn

To soothe with shadow or refresh with rain
The parched, unfruitful places of the plain.—
And then ask me, a poet, why I turn,
In scorn of earth, to more ethereal sights
For my fit theme. Oh, there are appetites
Of heart and brain not to be satisfied
With meat and raiment, purposes sublime,
A use above utility, a tide
Of Soul that bursts the bounds shaped by the tools
of Time!

CANON

HER voice is as the sound of evening bells—
Of evening bells across an inland sea—
Across an inland sea that sinks and swells—
That sinks and swells, from tide and tempest
free—
From tide and tempest free, yet o'er whose calm—
Yet o'er whose calm each woodland zephyr
sweeps—
Each woodland zephyr sweeps a dewy balm—
A dewy balm unknown where Ocean sleeps—
Where Ocean sleeps.

FIREFLIES

THROUGH the dim, dewy reaches of the grass
And leaves that glimmer out of fragrant heights
Mysterious shapes and shadows pause and pass
And mingle in yon maze of eddying lights,—
Like fiery harbingers sent from afar
Ere some vast system dawns upon us in a star.

Are they the dust of the old ages dead
By the night's magic quickened into flame,—
The thoughts and deeds and passions that had sped
Out of this turmoil, when a summons came
To quit their tomb and throb before our eyes,
As Dante's twinkling souls illumine Paradise?

Or,—since the Fancy craves so free a rein,
Torches are they that light the wingèd fays
To dreamy childhood dear, but sought in vain
'Mid the dull unbelief of after-days,
Till the weird hour when Wonder is awake
Doth o'er the sense once more the old enchantment
shake.

Perchance stray sunbeams from the underworld
Are heralding the dawn that is to be,
Or from a far volcano have been hurled
Hints of the inner realm of mystery,
Or darkling dewdrops, kindled by desire
Of starry splendors, strive to mount the sky in fire.

Why should we fear to know them as they are,
Nor blind the brain with wild imaginings?
Let Truth suffice, lest to our minds we mar
This miracle of living, sentient things
That glow yet are consumed not,—a feat
That Science cannot fathom,—lightning void of
heat!

Yet may we view them with a poet's sight,—
Symbols of much they differ from in name:—
Like a young maiden's fancies, pure and bright,
Nor ever scorched by an unhallowed flame;
Like holy lives that in a world of sin
Seek not a clearer guide than that which shines
within;—

Like Mother's love, content to be and burn,
Fed by no fuel save its vital breath;
Like heavenly hopes that gild the gloom and turn
To sparkling meads the shadowland of Death;
Like the Divine,—that in the life it made
Doth for a moment flash, then for a moment fade.

Awhile they linger and awhile the air
Is scintillant with lustrous ecstasy;
Then comes a change, and all that was so fair
Melts in a mist enfolding field and tree.
And as I watch their waning, nigh forlorn,
Upon the breath that slew them radiant rides the
Morn!

AT MIDNIGHT

I OFTEN wonder, in the dead of night,
Which of us two will first pass out of sight
Into the Unknown Sea. If it be thou,
I feel that sorrow will not bid me bow
My head in long despair,—will rather grow
Into a silent hope that will not fail
Before the dawning, when I too shall know.
If mine the earlier summons to set sail,
It were not hard to wait on pleasant shores
In some strange land where errant breezes ring
With echoes of the older life, and bring
At last the sound of thy approaching oars.
Oh, futile foresight! Let the Future rest
In His control who orders all things best!

A SON OF GOD

“The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair.”

ARCHANGEL, lo, in stature; in his eye
A gleam like Lucifer's; o'er marble brow
Great golden locks slide downward to allow
Soft hands to twine in them caressingly.
He sees no longer forest, stream or sky
Save in reflection when he draws her face
Closer to his—then sinks in her embrace,
And all things are forgot. The smothered sigh,

The quivering limb and shadowed vision show
The body's bliss, the anguish of the soul—
Its heavenly lodger—feeling from the whole
The virtue vanish and the glory go :
For when a god doth crown his low desire
The crown of godhood slips into the mire.

A THANKSGIVING

1901

WE thank Thee, Lord of the new century,
For all the deathless marvels of the old,—
The glorious age that set Man's spirit free
And taught him Truth. Those hundred years
enfold
Art, Science, Letters,—thoughts and deeds and men
Such as the world may rarely see again.

We thank Thee for the precious life we mourn
Of him who was our leader in the fight ;—
Grave, temperate, just, who, in the face of scorn
And loving peace, dared battle for the right.
Not all unfruitful may that bullet be
That brought the stricken Nation nearer Thee!

We thank Thee for the blessings of the hour,—
The prosperous toil, the wealth of farm and mart,
Our greatest city rescued from the power
Of tyranny and corruption. May we start
Once more with fresher hope and firmer will
To end the infamies that are with us still!

We thank Thee for the future,—that the seed
Of nobler civic life thus sown to-day
Must ripen into action that will speed
The Coming Age on some sublimer way.
For all we are, for more we hope to be,
We thank Thee, Lord of the new century!

“STARS THAT SILENT BE.”

STARS that silent be
In the exalted deep
Or imaged in the sea,—
Though your lightnings leap
From infinity,
Though each beam be hurled
From a blazing world,—
Stars that silent be,
How ye shame our noise
'Mid these earthly toys
That will so soon be gone,
While ye are silent on and on
Through all eternity!

DE MINIMIS

IF touch be delicate and fancy rare,
The lowliest things may in thy verse be found,—
The murmur of mosquitoes in the air,
The caterpillar crawling on the ground.

Dante scorned not such things, and why shouldst
thou?

Nay, God thy maker made all these as well.
Take humor for thy safeguard, but allow
That there are truths untaught by Heaven or Hell.

ON A DYING INSECT

THOU fluttering mite of gauzy green
That by untoward flame to-night
Art rudely summoned from a scene
That for some days hath shed delight
On thy small senses,—what has been
Thy profit from this sunny world
Ere into darkness and oblivion hurled?

A few short flights on shimmering wings,
A few warm ecstasies in air,
A golden glow, a glimpse of things
Not understood, and everywhere
A great, glad life that soars and sings :—
Was it not well? Who asketh more
To carry to the all-forgetting shore?

THE QUESTION

THOU that art gone before into the Vast,
Shall we be old or young when next we see,—
I, soiled and spent with sorrows of the past,—
Thou, fresh with youth of Immortality?
Will my poor ignorance mark me as a child
To thy sublimer learning of the skies?
Or shall we seem as when we closed our eyes,
Thy dear locks' blackness by no gray defiled,
Mine white, perhaps, from nigh a century
Of waiting?—Oh, I know not what may be!—
But this believe,—Man's register doth hold
Mere time-accounts: on God's eternal page
Two souls that love are ever of one age,—
Young in wise joy, in joyful wisdom old.

TO OMAR KHAYYAM

THOU art the very wine thyself hast sung—
A potent draught that keeps us ever young,
An essence of a sunnier, saner clime,
That fires the brain and animates the tongue.

The tavern door's thy gate of Paradise,
Where, entering, thou garnerest truth—not lies.

“ We live, and we are flesh that throbs and glows;
We die, and we are dust that falls or flies.

“ We drink, and we are gods, and in an hour
Grow infinite in knowledge and in power.

The universe is girdled by the grape:
Eternity is fathomed by the flower.”

A YOUNG MAN'S CREED

I BELIEVE—'tis thus my creed begins—
That the sins of sense are the lesser sins;
That the wile of a woman, a brimming bowl,
Won't do very much to hurt the soul.
They make things pleasanter here below
And will not follow us where we go.

As to that going hence, I think
That we are living upon the brink
Of a mighty Ocean, all unknown,
(A thought I can hardly call my own,)
And, when we are summoned to embark,
A light will shine from out the dark
And One—though we see not face nor form—
Will guide us in safety through the storm.

And as for Duty, 'tis understood
That the final goal of all is Good.
Sheer folly it were too long to wait
Ere we fit ourselves for a better state.

So that if now my heart is bent
Too much on pleasure, 'tis my intent
When I grow older—to repent.
Though Youth rejoice in many a taint,
'Tis very well to die a saint.

THREE FRIENDS

THERE'S a tree that grows by a forest stream
Under whose branches I love to dream
And watch the flickering sunlight creep
Through a stir of blossom and bough, and leap
Into checkered hues of living green,
With a burst of blue where heaven is seen.
And the silence of shadows and leafy ways
Will haunt my heart with a peace for days.

And there's a bird that loves to spring
From spray to spray on careless wing:
Little he heeds how long I sit
To see his flashing feathers flit,
Now in the maze of a hidden nest,
Now where the sunbeams smite his breast;—
Till the silence melt in a wondrous strain
Whose echo will charm long hours of pain.

The while I lie in my pleasant nook,
A poet speaks to my soul from a book,
And the silence of woodland, the song of bird,
Grow to Life and Love at his magical word.

And I somehow think, as the years roll by
And the shadows pass from earth and sky,
I shall find that poem and bird and tree
Were the dawning hints of Eternity.

WESTWARD

COMRADE of mine in lands beyond the sea,
As we have parted, so we part once more,—
Thou hastening to the West, but not as those
Who turn for scorn of Man and all his Art
To Nature.

Thou hast had high messages :
Raphael hath spoken with thee,—Angelo,
The bards that filled the cup of England's fame,
And they whose praises best the silent stones
Of great cathedrals utter evermore.
These have interpreted the world to thee :
Thou wilt not be a stranger anywhere.

For when thou meetest some supernal scene
Of mountain, prairie, river, thou wilt find
The voices of the wild proclaim a tongue
Familiar to thy ear as that which sounds
Where Alpine blasts are hoarse with Liberty,
Or the Loire ripples by some antique town,
Or zephyrs murmur round Fiesole.

So peace will come: discordant tones will melt
Into the universal harmony.

Should one—the product of our cruder clime,
The money-seeker, dead to higher things,—
Stand in a mute indifference at thy side,
Unmoved by all the gorgeous pageantry
That sweeps across the day into the night,
Aye void of meaning to his clouded soul,—
Oh, then, sweet spirits from the older world
Will whisper to thee!—Thou wilt understand.

So speed upon thy way! The ripest fruit
Of this fair land of promise will not bloom
On the Atlantic shore. We who lack hope
Do miss the new while we forego the old:
Thou takest from the old to enrich the new
With ampler life. Be welcome to the West!

INCOMPLETENESS

THAT Love is ever perfect, who can say?
This morning's reverie by wood and stream,
Though full of Love's sweet quiet, lacked the gleam
Of its intensity. From yesterday
With all its passion peace had flown away.
One moment, 'tis the senses seem supreme;
Another, and they vanish like a dream—
Phantoms impure that shun the Spirit's ray.

And there are times of strange forgetfulness
When deep beneath the surface Love doth flow
Like the still waters of a buried sea.
Oh, what if this were Heaven—not to guess
The secrets of the centuries, but to know
In every instant Love's entirety!

THE LAST LINE

"'Then what is life?' I cried."—SHELLEY'S "Triumph
of Life."

THOU, who of all the poets that I know—
Living or dead—art dearest to my soul,
Hast answered thy last question. Not the roll
Of the breath-bubbling billows could o'erthrow
The wonders of thy work.—For us who live
Thy failures fade, thy triumphs ever grow.
We were not set within this earthly show
To solve Life's problem,—rather to receive
With humbleness whate'er the gods bestow
Of virtue or of beauty: so to achieve
The one and chant the other that our deed
And song, though time obscure them, yet may be
Forces that conquer Life,—the hidden seed
From which shall blossom Immortality.

NATURE'S ANALOGIES.

If strife were all and pain were all,
 Why should these gentle mists arise
And soothe the ravage of the Fall
 With sweeter air and softer skies,
And lure all Nature to repose
At last beneath the silent snows?

If death were all and time were all,
 Why should the buried seed and root
Appear at Spring's high festival
 Fulfilled in leaf and flower and fruit,
Till, laden with their sunny prize,
They sink again, again to rise?

SPRING'S MESSAGE

O Love that withers, Hope that yields
 To biting blast or sultry storm,
There is a lesson in these fields
 That struggled through the snow to form
A pasture rich and warm!

No grief there is, nor hidden need,
 Nor bootless strife, nor wasted power,
That may not, dying, drop the seed
 From which shall spring in sunnier hour
Some perfect fruit or flower.

So let us help the weary hands
And smile into the weeping eyes,
And in the spirit's sterile lands
Sow the good seed that soon shall rise,—
A harvest for the skies.

LOVE'S DUALISM

Now do I wish thee, Love, to be as white
As God's sweet angels in their high estate
Of spotless purity,—a fitting mate
For that dear Queen who reigns in endless light.
Now I would have thee thrill upon my sight
A very woman, warm and passionate,
Outdoing my desire, not loath to sate
With clasp and kiss the senses' appetite.
Nor do I ask how both these things may be,
Nor whether I shall presently repine
That I did wrong thee even by a thought.
Nay, thou hast twofold worship,—thus besought
To crown my Manhood with felicity
And glorify what in me is Divine.

SPRING IN THE SPACES

SKYWARD a strain ascending
Betokeneth the ending
Of Winter's sullen calm.
Stars, do you see the blossom
That Earth bears on her bosom,
Or hear her vernal psalm?

As on a mighty river
Ye seem to float forever
Around, and still around.
How can her breath enfold you,
Or how her singing hold you,
Through silence so profound?

And yet ye seem to listen
And, in your joy, to glisten
With soft and tremulous light,—
As though our Spring were tingling
Through all your midst and mingling
With Springtides out of sight.

The spirit's flush and feeling
The stars are now revealing,
And now the robins sing:
For thou, O Man, art measure
Of Nature's pain and pleasure;—
'Tis thou that art the Spring!

CARNOT'S DEATH

NOT on some despot drunk with slaughtering,
For whose delight the millions starve and sweat,
Nor on some foolish fop o' the coronet
Whose toys and tinsel rouse the underling
To murderous envy,—not on such as these
The blow hath this time fallen, but on one,
Noble and true and stainless as the sun,
Who stood for Labor and the Love that frees.

Nations, avenge this death! Hound into shame
This horde of hellish creatures and their creeds,
Hateful to God and hideous to Man!—
Or in the direst day since Time began
Honor will be the ghost of dead men's deeds
And Liberty the shadow of a name.

COMMON LIFE

SWEET Common Life!—How many press
Along thy walks, in soberness
Of joys that calm and woes that bless,—

And peaceful homes in pleasant meads
Where time and change still sow the seeds
Of gentle thoughts and kindly deeds,

And all the budding moments blend
In fruitful years, and, at the end,
Comes Death, the reaper—and the friend!

A SUMMER NIGHT IN TOWN

It is a Summer evening. All the street
Is thrilled with turmoil such as never fell
On ear of rustic where the frog-throats swell,
And cricket chirps to cricket through the heat.
The throb of voices and the pulse of feet,
And whirl of wheels, aye coming, going,—tell
Of men a million who as strangers dwell,
And pass, and part, and nevermore may meet.

This is the poor man's revel. Let the rich
Muse in the mountains, dream beside the sea!
Here every alley hath its jollity:
The laborer leaps, the wife forsakes her stitch
To join the children's dances,—over which
The stars of heaven watch eternally.

LOVE, THE PURIFIER

I KNOW she loves me not. I know
The hope that was my life is dead;
And I resolve—once having said
That what God wills is better so—

That, as her soul is white as snow,
So all these passions that had been
Her tribute were she crowned my Queen,
Her worship, had she deigned to show

The Heaven here we dream above,—
Shall never with unhallowed lure
Lead soul and body into shame,
Nor I, with hands and heart impure
Hear, when those dear lips breathe my name,
“He was unworthy of my love!”

THE DAY AND THE HOUR

Is it not time?—When all the promised land,
Sown with the sweat of heroes, purified
By fire and blood, doth at the last provide
A crop of foul corruption, shall we stand
And dream that easeful heart and indolent hand
Have here a place,—or, blinded by our pride,
Deem we alone are sheltered from the tide
Of Heaven's vengeance sweeping up the strand?

Help, brothers, help! Ere the high gods proclaim
Democracy a failure, from his seat
Drag the vile ringster down, blot out the name
Of every venal voter, rid the street
Of demagogues,—so only shall we be
Freemen once more, and worthy to be free!

MAY

THE sunbeams circle leaf and root
Where, with a smile, she standeth mute
To watch the gleaming lines of orchard
Swelling and blossoming into fruit.

The fruit will come not till she dies ;
Yet is no sorrow in the eyes
That cannot fail to read the promise
Thrilling and filling the earth and skies.

The past she knows not, nor the days
When o'er the sheen of snowy ways
The winds of Winter raved, and whistled
Out of a forest of frozen sprays.

Nor yet she dreams of nights grown long
When all the sweetness of her song,
Made bitter by the breath of Autumn,
Soundeth the dirge of the fair and strong.

Or else, beyond the dying pain
She sees once more the buried grain
 Bestir itself till, steeped in sunshine,
Life will arise from its tomb again.

So is her present joy complete.
Faint wild-flowers are at her feet ;
 Soft violets and mosses scatter
Over her pathway an incense sweet.

Above her, vapors veil the noon ;
Wood-robins trill a liquid tune,—
 Translating thus the hope of April
Into the glorious gain of June.

ON THE NAMING OF A NEW COUNTY

O NATIVE State, through whose clear ether rang
The clarion call of Liberty, until
The echoes borne o'er city, stream and hill
Awoke the war from which a Nation sprang :—
And in whose latter day the direful pang
Of slavery and schism summoned still
To glorious efforts of heroic will
Thy sons who fell, or who in triumph sang :—

Let not dishonor doom thy free career
To servitude more galling than the claim
Of British prince, more shameful than the throe
Of Southern thong!—Crown not corruption here,
Nor on thy own fair heritage bestow
The infamy of an ignoble name!

FRUITLESSNESS

My natal month, how hast thou profited,—
Thou, Nature's holy season, when we see
In every bush a choir, in every tree
A temple 'neath whose dome is incense shed
From flowering shrines that hallow Winter's dead?
Thy very atmosphere is poesy,
And why hast thou been voiceless then in me,—
Once at thy fertile bosom born and bred?
Hath not the star an image in the stream,
The lark an echo in the vanishing vale,
And absent Love a memory and a dream?
Nor should this present, earth-born beauty fail
To find reflection in some rapturous lay,
Sweet with thy breath, effulgent with thy day.

SUMMER'S LEGACY

THE pleasant Summer days are o'er,—
The lights and shades that seemed to thrill
The soul of river, woodland, hill,
To utmost bounds of sea and shore.

But thoughts that sweetened to the breeze
And blisses born of sunny hours
And hopes that blossomed with the flowers
And love that fruited with the trees,—

Shall pass not, though the rose be dead
And winds be keen with Autumn cold
And ripeness sink into the mould,—
The fragrance spent, the glory fled.

For every season's truest gain
And richest promise are not found
In fleeting favors of the ground,
But treasured in the heart and brain.

The firmer will, the clearer eye,
The purer passion,—these are left
When sight and hearing are bereft,
Unblest by earth or sea or sky.

And memory cheers us evermore,—
A painter of the faded day,
Smoothing the darker lines away,
And gilding what was bright before.

So, though the coming Winter bring
Its carnival of ice and snow,
For us the Summer still will glow,
The trees will wave, the birds will sing.

IN DROUGHT TIME

EACH parchèd leaf, each withering flower,
Though thirsting for the gracious shower,
Strives to conceal its burning need
And still be beautiful indeed.

The grass is yearning to be green ;
The piny pinnacles are seen
Stretching their torrid tops on high
To tempt some moisture from the sky.

But though they fade, they still indue
A loveliness of form and hue,
And sparkle gayly in the sun
That threatens death to every one :—

Like souls that in some sterile land
Find none to aid or understand,
Yet dare, in solitary state,
To be themselves and baffle Fate.

JOHN KEATS

OCTOBER 29, 1795

A HUNDRED years! Ah, if these hundred years
Had borne thee down to us a living sage,
The glorious Greek of a material age,—
Thou dear, dead youth, we should not shed these
tears

For what the world has lost! The songs unsung,
The mighty epics surging like the sea,
These, these we mourn, but mourn them less than
thee,
Forever silent, though forever young.

Nay, for thy chaunt will never cease to chime
Through all this mundane discord, dreamily
Like strains of eld: in the whole realm of rhyme
What subtler strength, what finer fantasy?
Thou hast achieved: thy silence is for time,
Thy youth and song for immortality!

ALL-HALLOWE'EN

AROUND the watches of to-night
Old Superstition weaves a spell,
Endows us with prophetic sight,
Marks each event a miracle.

The spirit of our childish play
Is overspread with mystery.
We think of things we dare not say;
We dream of what we dread to see.

Strange echoes greet the song and shout;
Our gayety is half a gloom,
And phantoms seem to flit about
The dim recesses of the room.

How hauntingly the ghostly brood
Of ancient faiths and fears remain!
They were begotten in our blood
To blossom forth in heart and brain.

But bolder now, we bid them grace
The Life they boasted once to own,
And beautify its commonplace
And harmonize its monotone:

Thus learning, in a far-off way,
How myriads by their lives sublime
Brought Heaven into every day
And the Eternal into Time,—

The souls of every land and age,
Of every race and tongue and creed,
Whose glory is earth's heritage
Of saintly thought and word and deed:

And in their homage once again
 'Tis fit to-morrow's sun should shine,
For men have crowned them kings of men
 Whom God anointed as divine.

REDIVIVUS

I THOUGHT I knew the catalogue of sins ;
But every day some undescribed disgrace,
Some new undreamed-of monster, shows its face,
So that the heart grows faint and faith begins
To tremble lest the victory remain
Not with the Good. But when I longer gaze,
I fear no more, seeing with glad amaze
Beneath Man's lowest level runs a vein
Of the Divine that needs but circumstance
To lie exposed in some heroic hour,
Some scene of sacrifice, before whose power
The world will ask with wonder, " Did a trance
Ward off decay from sainthood?—Among men
Has Francis of Assisi come again?"

A SUMMER SERMON

UNDER my feet
The grass was sweet;
The Summer sun made nature new.
Above the tree
Infinity
Looked down from an unfathomed blue.
Across the dells
The village bells
Were heralding the holy hour,
While cooed the dove
Her lays of love
Soft-cradled in some leafy bower.

O bells that ring,
O birds that sing,
O Summer rapture, free and full,
The things ye show
Can no man know
Whose heart is cold, whose ear is dull!
Who fears not Fate
Alone is great,
Who all things loves alone is good;
Who understands
Life's plain commands
Hath God and Nature understood.

THE SONNET-FORM

EVEN as the vapors of the tempest move
Their leaden phalanxes across the sky,
And with the molten mass the sunbeams vie
Till, born of both, the rainbow flames above;
Or as the man, the woman, best to prove
Their utter oneness, turn in sympathy
To where a little slumbering form doth lie,—
The sum and the solution of their love:—

Such is the marriage of those dual rhymes
That blend and part, even yet again to meet
In sinuous sweetness like accordant chimes;
Till a fair offspring rises into view,
Linked to their thought, although the form be new,
And, lo, the Sonnet, soulful and complete!

BOOKS

O SILENT volumes on my shelves,
That hold the deathless and divine,
Ye have but to reveal yourselves,
And I am yours, as ye are mine!

Mere ink and paper though ye be,
As shells wherein no life appears,—
If hand but touch and eye but see,
Then mind meets mind across the years.

Dante and Shakespeare speak once more ;
Beethoven sings his soulful strain ;
And in the unsealed tombs of yore
Wake all the passion, all the pain.

They are not dead, these silent ones,
Nor dumb, but eloquent with light,
And sparkle like the infinite suns
Beyond our reach, though in our sight.

Like melodies that once have thrilled,
And in the memory never die,
Those calm, majestic voices stilled
Come echoing from eternity.

FRANZ LISZT

JULY 31, 1886

TEN years ago to-night that great, sweet soul
Passed through the barrier into the beyond,
And I would lay this tribute at his grave.

Never was finer fancy, subtler sense
Or mood more magical wherewith to show
The mighty masters to a waiting world
Than guided o'er the keys those finger-tips
That held the most complete of instruments

In thralldom,—he himself an instrument
Whereon the spirit hands of Æschylus,
Of Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Goethe,—wrought
Tone-wonders that have made them live again
To listening ears and loving hearts. The land
That gave him birth bestowed on him the power
To clothe in harmonies of flawless Art
Her strange, wild notes of Nature. Lastly, Rome,
Whose faith he followed simply as a child,
Inspired him by her holy mysteries
And led his muse to blest Elizabeth—
His country's saint—and to the cross of Christ!

'Twas thus he lived, nor in the duties failed
Of man and friend, but with kind word and deed
Aided the struggling and, with eye and ear
Prophetic, gave the verdict to the world,
And hailed the genius where the many scoffed,
And knew the gold though men pronounced it dross.

True to his conscience, trusting in his creed,
A votary of Art's sublime ideal,
He trembled not when came the fatal call,
But struck with fearless hand Life's final chords,—
The glorious preludes to Eternity.

OFF HAVANA

FEBRUARY 15, 1898

THERE came at night a clarion call from Heaven
To heroes' souls that unto mortal ears
Sounded the blasts of Hell. The hopes and fears,
The loves and hates that earth and time had given,
Through pain and death passed to Eternity.
The shattered vessel, shivering in the flood
Of hostile waters, stained with martyrs' blood,
Uprose and sank.—Silence was on the sea.

Silence was there, but in the hearts of men
Through all the echoing centuries shall roll
That thunder-peal of foe or fate. Again,
Whene'er our Country calls,—forgetting not,—
Her sons shall press undaunted to the goal,
Die in their duty and be unforgot.

TO OUR CENSORS

AN impious War?—When we but ask to save
Sons from the sword, daughters from brutal lust,
End butchery and starvation, if we must
Be impious so, we may, at least, be brave.
An unjust War?—Justice is all we crave,
Not for these thousands only in the dust,
But for *our* martyrs, Lord!—Thou, Whom we trust,
Sawest what was wrought by Hell beneath the
wave!

War that may be less beautiful than peace
Is nobler than dishonor. Often we
Have sought a selfish gain,—not here, not here.
This strife is born of love: that hate may cease,
We pledge our lives, our gold, and have no fear;
For Right must triumph everlastingly.

IN THE CHURCHYARD

BEYOND the ways I pass
Where many come and go,
The lowly and the great:
A moment at the gate,
A step across the grass,
And, O my Love, my Love,
The living sky above,
The dear, dead form below!

Beyond the years I seem,
Fading from where I stand,
In the old life to move,
Ere joy had proved a dream
To dazzle and depart,—
And, O my Love, my Love,
Thy hand within my hand,
Thy heart upon my heart!

MICHAEL H. CROSS

No more for us the rich piano chime,
The 'cello's deep appeal,
The organ tones that thrill the veils of Time,
Shall from his fingers steal.
Perfect the instruments no Master warms
To strains sublime and sweet:
His life, art, manhood—like their slumbering
forms—
Lie silent and complete.

The gods he served were true gods: from their
height
Bach, Mozart, Beethoven,
Wakened his soul to melody and light.
So blame him not if then
He heard not the new voices while the old
Rang glorious through the skies,
Nor, blinded by Olympus, could behold
The dawning deities.

NATURE'S ALCHEMY

LEADEN the wings of the night till touched to silver
 sheen
By a glimmer of the moon, that pales in a glory
 serene,—
Gold of the East and gold of the West, and a sun-
 path between!

AN OCTOBER EVENING AT LAKE OSCAWANA

OVER the lake the solemn pine-trees bend
And flash phantasmal images below.
To earth and air the silvery shadows lend
A light more magical than moonbeams throw
O'er pinnacles of ice in Polar seas.
Out to the horizon, upward to the stars,
Stretches a woodland dark in mysteries
And silences no mortal whisper mars.
Yet through the lifeless framework wakes a thrill:—
The triple call of tremulous katydids,
The two that wait and wander as they will,
The drowsy dog beneath whose languid lids
Lurketh a love half-human: these have drowned
Death, silence, in a flood of life and sound

THE END OF THE YEAR

THE nights roll on, the days unceasing pass,
Nations arise and fall, seas ebb and flow,
Thoughts shoot from man to man, dreams come and
go

While Life awakes in atom and in mass.
There is no respite: all that is and was
Moves ever onward in a shifting show.
We say a year departs, and fail to know
That Nature hath no years,—that she doth class
Alike their days of birth and of decay.
Yet is there not some higher law that binds
These calendars created by our minds,
Some science born of sentiment, some ray
Of truth eternal in this period,—
Man's measure till he merge at last in God?

THE YEARLY QUESTION

THY Spring will arrive with its buds and bowers
And myriads that float and fly,
And the breath of brooks and the freshness of
flowers

Will sweeten the earth and the sky.
But O, if our hearts should miss the cheer
That the birds and the blossoms bring!
Or will dead hopes quicken to life, New Year,
With thy miracle of Spring?

Thy Summer will come with the golden days
And twilights that linger long,
The murmur of bees in the leafy ways
And the hot hours thrilled with song.
Fertile and full will our lives appear
In Nature's gladness and glow?
Or sterile and withered and worn, New Year?—
This is for thee to know.

Thy Autumn will round and ripen the fruit
And harvest the tasselled corn,
And into the shadowed wold will shoot
The rainbow splendors of Morn.
How will it find us, shattered and sere,
Like garlands that droop and decay,—
Or radiant still with a trust, New Year,
That will never pass away?

Thy Winter once more with frosts and snows
Will silver valley and hill.
Nature will sink into deep repose,
The pulse of the earth be still.
Will our hearts be then like the frozen mere,—
Love, happiness, vanished afar?
Or will hope of a future Spring, New Year,
Shine in our souls like a star?

THE LOCOMOTIVE

A SMOKING, shivering metal monster stands
Awaiting our commands,
With pulse afire as though the heart would burst,
And iron throat athirst.
Beneath that cap of steel, that brazen lid,
Somewhere our Fate lies hid,—
Somewhere the journey's issue slumbereth,—
Deliverance or death.

Deny it beauty?—Watch it in an hour,
Full panoplied in power,
Speed over streams and forests, hills and plains,—
A hurricane in chains,
Shatter the darkness with its shafts of light,—
A meteor of night,
Or seek in misty curves the Peak's repose,—
A spirit of the snows.

Our work, you claim?—Well, ours then, if you deem
We put the strength in steam
And, that we might this potency confine,
Hid metals in the mine;
Nay, not unless we formed the brain that planned
And the constructing hand.
We shaped the shell: the substance and the thought
Divinity hath wrought.

SYMBOLS OF SCIENCE

I

THE TELEPHONE

Not all the bellowing of the embattled sea
Or cruel crashing of the thunderous air
Can make their rage resound where skies are fair
Or conquer space with din and anarchy.
Not so the voice of Man,—that silently
Slips on a thread through mountain, forest, plain,
River and ocean, to emerge again
As vow of lover, curse of enemy.

Such is the influence of human souls :
Subtle vibrations ever come and go,
Unnoted, from the tropics to the poles,
From Labrador to Ind. Love hath its wings
And Hate its lightning. Streams of kindness flow
To aid us in our desert wanderings.

II

THE PHONOGRAPH

Shout to the peak, and from the rocky height
The echoes of thy voice will make reply,
Till Nature lose her power and let them die.
But Man hath wrought a wonder through the might
Of sleepless Science. Let the Muse not slight
This marvellous toy wherein the softest sigh
May breathe true love for many a century,
And the sweet song of faith grow infinite!

A type of Life: for not a word is said
Within this world of sounds and silences
That loses potency to harm or bless,
Though he that spoke be numbered with the dead,—
A heritage of weakness or of worth
From him whose strength or folly sent it forth.

III

THE TROLLEY

Not with such steeds as on the Olympic day
To scorned defeat or sacred victory led,
Nor by the powers of vapor piloted
Whose shrieks fill night with discord and dismay,
We journey here. This monster doth essay
To clasp with claw of iron overhead
The chained, invisible lightning and be sped
By heavenly currents on its earthly way.

Ye that are bowed in bitterness of woe
Or stagnate here in sloth and surfeiting,
Lift up your eyes and hands and hearts and know
That over you are forces on the wing
From the Unseen that, were ye to attain,
Would mould Life's progress, make its purpose
plain!

IV

THE KINETOSCOPE

See how the marble of the Phidian day,
The canvas warmed by Raphael,—embalm
A moment's action in eternal calm:
This look, this gesture that the human clay

Hath long resigned,—will thus forever stay,
But motionless. Then wonder at this glass,
Wherein a thousand scenes that swiftly pass
Make one scene that will live for us alway.

The hours, days, years sweep on: each minute's
birth

Blends weal and woe, the bitter and the sweet.
Deem not thy own nor yet thy fellow's worth
Weighed in a single triumph or defeat,—
One deed or one misdeed of sense or soul.
Flash Life's full cycle forth: judge by the whole!

V

THE RÖNTGEN RAY

In darkness once were deeds of darkness done,
But now are done in darkness deeds of light.
Now doth the unseen flash upon the sight
And o'er the infinite Mystery is won
Another finite triumph. Not the sun
Hath here vouchsafed the vision, but the night.
Behind the flesh that veiled us, burning bright,
Behold a new apocalypse begun!

Oh, vain to think the thunder of a word,
The effulgence of an action are what we
May solely offer to be seen and heard!—
The thought we deemed no human thought could
sound,
Our hearts, our very selves in time must be
Imaged in full on all the Life around.

VI

LIQUID AIR

Deep-blue that blendest with infinity,
Flecked with soft cirri-folds or, darkling, thrilled
By the fierce tempest-throe, now art thou filled
With life and warmth,—a balm to flower and tree,
To man and beast a breath, an ecstasy,—
Ethereal vapor!—now by giant force
And cold transmuted to a fluid source
Of new and ever-potent energy.

Is it not thus with Man? These thoughts that soar
Amid the sculptured pinnacles of the brain,
These warm affections surging through the blood,
In the chill grasp of Death shall not be slain,
But changed to new activities,—a flood
Of forces that shall fail not evermore.

VII

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

Over the wilds of ocean and of shore
Through the broad wastes of air flashes a word,
Without a guide, invisible, unheard.
Borne on those magic currents circling o'er
The steadfast world, it pauses not before
A point is touched, alone in earth or sky
Responsive with a subtle sympathy,—
And, lo, 'tis sealed in mystery no more!

O human voice that speakest to deaf ears,
O human heart that findest feeling dead,
Somewhere beyond the league-long silences,
Somewhere across the spaces of the years,
A heart will thrill to thee, a voice will bless,
Love will awake and Life be perfected !

DREYFUS

THE SECOND CONDEMNATION

O MARTYR-SOUL, the infamy they speak
Is of themselves alone, and not of thee !
They are condemned at last. Thou goest free
By the high court of Heaven. One lowly, meek,
A Jew, despised of Roman and of Greek,
Hath once before turned doom to victory ;
And God and Right will thwart eternally
The vengeance that these human devils seek.

The thunderbolt hath fallen ! From lust to lust
France languished on her way, till her decrees,
Moulded by perjuries and forgeries,
Devote undying Justice to the dust,
Nor heed the awful writing on the wall
That she who loseth Honor loseth all !

PHILADELPHIA, 1901

RULERS, venal, corrupt,—insatiate
For public plunder and a chief's applause;
Law-makers striving to subvert the laws;
A placid people, willing to await
Some change—or none—as the decree of Fate,
Unheeding how the robber's hand is laid
On rights for which the price of blood was paid:—
Such is the City now,—such is the State!

How long, how long?—O citizens, arise,
Banish ignoble sloth, follow your sires
Who woke to wrath, burst shackles, and were free!
Drive from your councils whosoe'er aspires
To dim the old-time Honor that you prize:—
End in the land of Penn this infamy!

POET TO POLITICIAN

I TELL thee,—thou that playest fast and loose
With ballot-box and bounty,—having made
Of Statesmanship a dark, ignoble trade
With Ethics cheapened to the test of Use;—
I tell thee, not with voice of equal man,
If Dante, clearest-sighted of all time,
Hath told God's Justice rightly in his rhyme,
If Goethe so knew beauty as to plan

A path of sweetness for the centuries,
If Shelley glowed with true prophetic fire,—
Then is thy boasted gain a crown of woe;
And where thou deemest 'mid the scum and mire
The Ages drift—'tis but an eddy's flow
Back from the tide of the Eternal Seas.

“IN THE VIOLET”

In the violet
Glistens yet
The drop that fell at noon.
So soon
Can it forget—
Lulled in fragrant ease
Here beneath the trees—
The wondrous life on high?
Outflashes full an image of the sky!

In the infant's eye
Lurk and lie
Shadowy gleams of gold
That fold
What mystery!
Rays from heaven are they,—
Light for earth's dark way
Dulled as the path is trod?
Love leaps out in a look, and Love is God!

SINAI

O MOUNTAIN of the unknown God,
Upon whose peak that cleaves the sky
Beyond the reach of mortal eye
No mortal foot hath ever trod!—

Doth a benignant Father's face
Shine, like the sunlight, on thy snow,—
Or, ruthless as the lightning's glow,
Doth Fate flash awful through the place?—

Fate, that shall wreck the world at last
And end in naught the souls of men
And, bringing Chaos back again,
Blot out the future with the past?

Our faith is dim who never saw
The mysteries heralded of old,—
The seer's descent, the calf of gold,
The broken tables of the law.

And at this day we cannot see
The clouded summit thrill with power,
Nor hear the Voice: the passing hour
Is silent as eternity.

We know but this:—a glint afar
Through darkness of a heavenly light;
Beyond that star another night;
Beyond that night another star.

ANTON SEIDL

MARCH 28, 1898

Not from his throat there came
A magic sequence of melodious sound,
Like tongues of living flame
That fire the sense and soul and all around
Shed gleams from heaven: the sway he wielded long
Was not the power of song.

Not with the plaintive reed,
Beloved of Pan and sylvan deities,
Nor with the hopes that plead
Through strings that quiver into harmonies,
Hath he his triumphs won,—not his that sign
Of mastery divine.

Not from creative thought
Into the faded festival of Time
Hath he fresh wonders brought.
No glorious ode nor symphony sublime
Sprang from his brain: the mystery of Art
He felt but in his heart.

And from that heart there fell
On others' hands and voices and the soul
Of the great world a spell
That the decrees of fate could not control,
Nor the wild wants of life: the misery
Ceased for a while to be.

The Masters came again.

Back rolled the ages: care and folly fled
Immortal Beauty's reign.

O not in vain in him that now lies dead
Was born that mighty spirit at whose breath
Genius awakes from death!

TO A WOOD-ROBIN

THOU that dost thrill with thy melodious note
The dewy dells and sylvan silences,
And in a mist of green and gold dost float,
A presence all unseen, yet there to bless
With benison of pure and restful song
The shadowed shrines where reverent fancies
throng,—

The very spirit of the wood thou art,
And in thy cadences we hear and see
The myriad life in which thou bearest part,—
The moss-lined brooks that murmur lazily
By banks of violet and coverts cool,
Or plash across the pebbles to a pool;—

The wingéd sprites that leap and flash and fly
From darkling haunts in underbrush and fern;
The deep, entrancing glimpses of the sky;
The summer leafage sparkling till it turn
The red and yellow of the dying year:—
All these we feel and love when thou art near.

Teach us, dear bird, of our own lives to make
Songs sweet as thine, yet more sublime in scope!
Nor fleeting, earthly beauty would we take
To be our theme, but the eternal hope
That crowns the sorrow, consecrates the sod,
Makes the world's darkness luminous with God.

THE CITIZEN

READ BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY, DELTA
CHAPTER OF PENNSYLVANIA, JUNE 13, 1900

Arms and the Man I sing: not sword, nor spear,
Nor bayonet, nor the brunt of cannonade,—
Such arms as made a Nation in that year
Of Concord and of Germantown, and bade
The slave be free when Gettysburg had stayed
The strife of brothers. For to-day I sing
Arms that are nobler, surer, less o'erlaid
With gloss of fleeting glory,—those that bring
A far-off victory, not transient triumphing.

The faith—'mid evil's devastating might—
That holds to vaster influence, higher laws;—
The hope that through corruption's blackest night
Sees the dawn-glimmer of the righteous
cause;—
The love that, careless of the world's applause,

Seeks but to serve and raise our fellow-men ;—
Girt with this panoply, too staunch to pause
Or falter in the combat, see him, then,
Man of the Nation's need,—the stainless citizen !

Man of our need !—Ah, he it is who must
With knightly deed redeem the people's
shame,—
The civic honor trampled in the dust,
The civic glory grown an empty name !
When libel dares to foul the fairest fame,
And bribery and blackmail buy their goals ;
When ringsters are the rulers of the game,
And venal voters shamble to the polls,
What trust is there in States or faith in human
souls ?

What of the mart's low standards of success,—
The gold to which we grovel, heeding not
If here be profit of unrighteousness,
Not sought in bounteous Nature's treasure-plot
Of field or mine or watercourse, nor got
By honest energy of hand or brain ?
The wealth that signifies a moral blot,
A theft from trustful ignorance, a gain
That seals another's loss,—is not its warning plain ?

But let us not despair. The same old ills
Have threatened every age since time befell,
Now conquering, now mastered by the wills
Of men who knew life's task and did it well.

In this old town what helpful memories
 dwell!—
Girard's unstinted hand; the lustrous lore
 Of Meredith and Binney; songs that swell
Meade's triumph-march; suffering that flees be-
 fore
The touch of Gross or Agnew;—vain to mention
 more.

Have we not all the guides that Heaven can give,
 Inspiring us on earth or from the sky?—
Young men who died to show us how to live;
 Old men who lived to teach us how to die;
He who in by-gone years wrought royally;
He crowned to-day—a tribute tears allow—
 “The manly man,” in loving memory,—
Fit garland for that beautiful young brow
That, loved and crowned, is seen of men no longer
 now.

We need the patriot,—love of country fraught
 With eagerness to serve by sword or pen.
We need the scholar,—him who in his thought
 Is linked with the great thoughts of mighty men
 That fire the world and make it young again.
We need the saint,—not mumbling in the chill
 Ascetic shade of some monastic den,
But in the rush of life, possessing still
High principle, clean hands, a firm and fearless will.

Wage, then, the civic warfare! Let the old
Not overpraise a past whose failings seem
As grave as ours, though different in mould:
We must advance!—And let the young not
dream
The future will evolve some wondrous scheme
Without our aid. Through toil and suffering
Great goals are won. Through darkness comes
the gleam
Of perfect vision. Let the warrior bring
Courage, devotion, hope!—Arms and the Man I
sing!

THE RIVER

BESIDE the river I have thought
Of those old days when you and I
Upon another river sought
Hours of tranquillity.

What was there to disturb?—The tide
About our paddles swiftly sped,
Or else we paused a while to glide
Where tree-tops twined o'erhead:—

Rocks, birches, pines, and, here and there,
Glimpses of home-life, calm and free,
A village spire that gleamed in air,
A far-off flash of sea.

But best to me of all,—the voice
Whose tones the years can never dull,
The face in which I still rejoice,—
So young and beautiful.

What dreamed we of a shadow?—Life
Held much for me and more for you,—
Dear warrior, fitted for the strife,
Brave, honorable, true.

And now,—the river eddying by,—
Not the old river!—I, alone,
And, for your word, your hand, your eye,—
A little cross of stone!

Yet God in mercy sendeth down
A heavenly gain for earthly loss,
Who gave to me for Friendship's crown
To bow and kiss the cross!

DAYS

WHAT is the message of days, what is the thought
they bring,—

Days that darken to Winter, days that sweeten to
Spring?

Is there a lore to learn, is there a truth to be told?
Hath the new dawn a ray that never flashed from
the old?

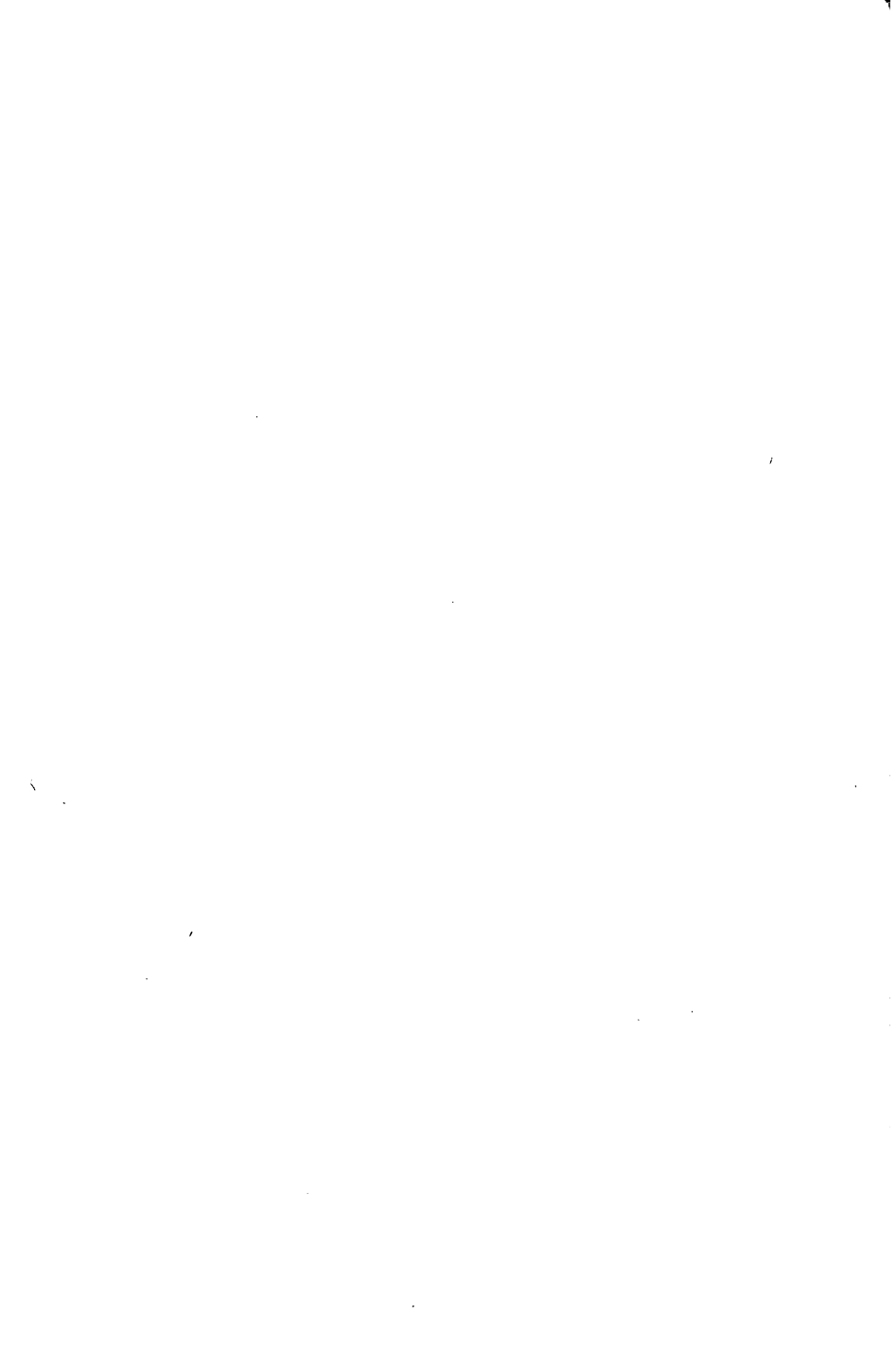
Day that deepens to night, night that broadens to
day,—

What is the meaning of all, what is the word they
say?

—Silence for aye and aye, and the heart-beats never
cease

Till toil and life and the day are the night and death
and peace.









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